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## The Dial 1920

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# THE DIAL



. . . 1921 . . .



DR. MEIER

To  
William H. D. Meier, A. M., Ph. D.  
instructor in  
Biology, Bacteriology and  
Practical Science  
faithful teacher, energetic worker and  
ever helpful friend  
we, the class of 1921  
gratefully dedicate this book



## FOREWORD

The Staff presents the Dial to the Class of 1921, hoping that its readers will judge them not too harshly. Although essentially a class book, we have endeavored to include our school in general and sincerely hope that we have fulfilled our purpose. To those of the faculty and students who have helped towards making this edition possible, we wish to extend our gratitude and may this Dial of 1921 be a source of cherished memories to its little world of readers.



**DR. JAMES A. CHALMERS, Principal**

"Self-culture in its broadest sense carries with it many blessings; it tempers the body, elevates the mind, and lifts the soul into realms of refined thought; it creates a world of happiness of which the ignorant have no conception."

Degrees: A. B., Ph. D., D. D., L. L. D. Under-graduate work; Eureka College, University of Michigan; Graduate work; two years Special Research; Fellow of University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

Michigan schools: Head of Education Department in Eureka College; Head of English Department, Ohio State University; Principal of Wisconsin State Normal School; President of South Dakota State College; Superintendent of Fitchburg Schools; Author of school and college text books.



**FREDERICK W. HOWE**  
Instructor in Chemistry, Food and Dietetics, and Sanitation

## Mr. Howe

“O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more  
Than the impending night, darkens the landscape o’er.”

When the word was announced that one of our most efficient teachers, who had spent so long a time with us, and labored so industriously for the good of the school, was leaving to accept a position of merit which he so justly deserved, as Director of Household Arts and Sciences at Pratt Institute, how could we believe that it was our Mr. Howe, who had worked so faithfully and untiringly for us and for our school for twenty-three years! Who can picture Framingham without Mr. Howe?

The class of 1921 and all alumnae bow in respect for what he has done for us, for the graduates, for the school, and—through his research and practical experience in the “outside world”—for humanity.

As students we have recognized his exceptional ability as a teacher in correlating his work with our everyday lives in such a manner as to make our work more interesting and vital. Who has not been conscious of his sterling character, his rare personality, and his thorough understanding of human nature, as with a guiding hand, an encouraging word, or a friendly lift, he has led us to higher ideals, greater ambitions, and has put before us the big things of life which lead to success.

Mr. Howe, we are grateful to have been under your guidance for three years. As alumnae may we live up to the ideals which you have set before us and prove our gratitude to you.

To you, our friend and counsellor, be you at Framingham or Pratt, the class of 1921 look to you and extend to you its greatest wish and success in the undertaking of your new responsibilities.













Dufault



Stiles



Wing



Irvine

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*Continued on next page*



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Burt



Howes



Currie



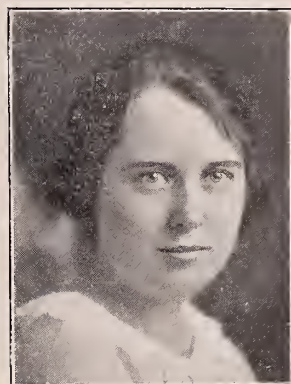
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O'Connor



Graham



McGurk

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*Continued*

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Music by Isabel F. Tarr

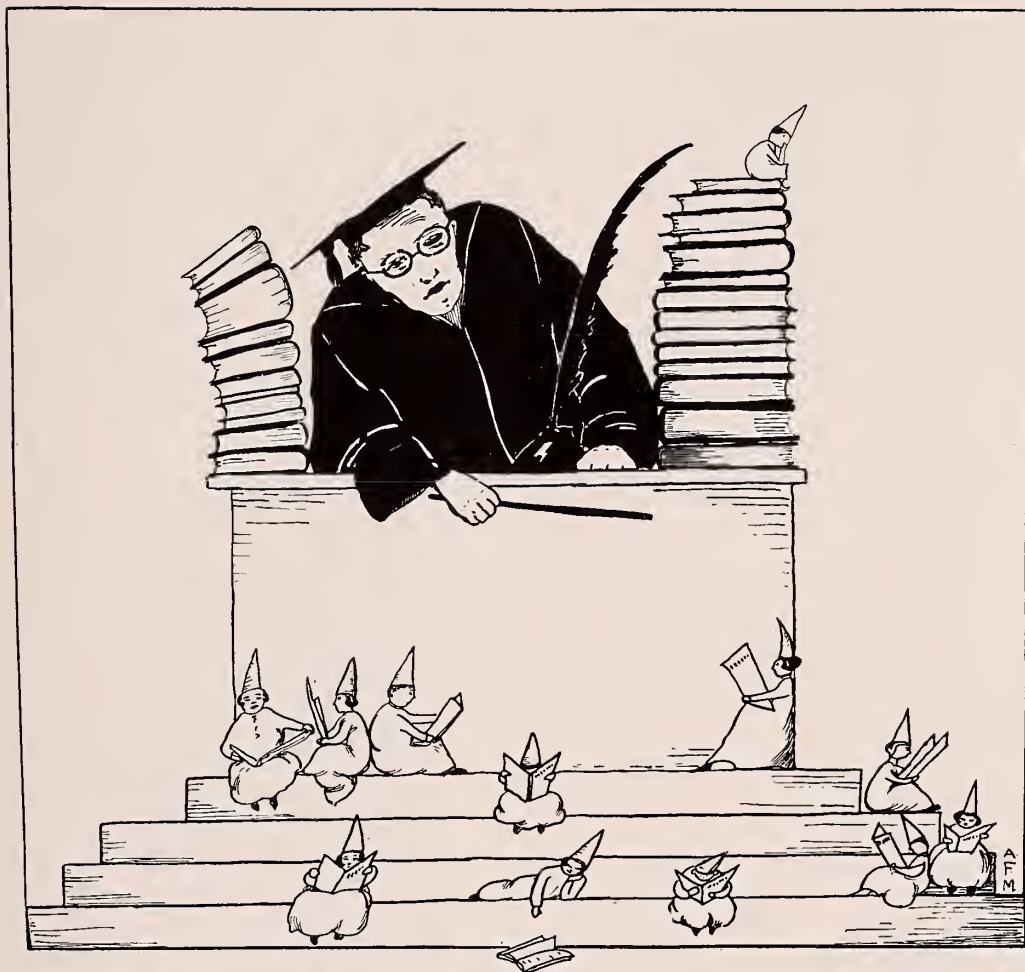
### CLASS HYMN, 1921

By ELIZABETH A. KEYES

To thee O! Alma Mater,  
We lift our hymn of praise  
For tasks which lead us onward  
Through life's Eternal ways.

Tho' we look down the vesta,  
At visions of the past  
May each face toward the future  
With courage keen and fast.

And as our course we follow,  
On life's far-reaching sea:  
"Live to the Truth" shall ever,  
Our guiding motto be.



FACULTY.





LOUISA A. NICHOLASS

Head of Department of Household Arts

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving  
or more loyal, never beat within a human breast."

MARY H. STEVENS

French, English

"Yet it was ne'er my fate in thee to find,  
A word ungentle, or a deed unkind."



FREDERICK W. ARCHIBALD

Music

"There's music in all things if men had ears:  
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

Tufts Summer School, Harvard Summer  
School, Normal Music School.

Supervisor of music, Public Schools of Eastern  
Massachusetts; Instructor in music, Salem State  
Normal School; Instructor in Boston University,  
Summer School.

Baritone Soloist and Chorus work.



# Framingham State Normal School

## FREDERICK W. RIED

Pre-vocational Training, Drawing and Color

"His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;  
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;  
Still sure to improve us in every part,  
His pencil our faces—his manners our hearts."

Diploma, Massachusetts Normal Art School.  
Member of numerous Art and Educational Organizations.

Training Department, Industrial Relations Division, U. S. Shipping Board 1918-1919; Printing Instructor, Massachusetts Normal Art School, 1919-1921; "The Ried Craft Press," Brookline, Mass.; President Massachusetts Normal Art School Alumni Association, 1919-1920, 1920-1921.

The members of the Class of 1921 wish to extend their thanks to Mr. Ried for his untiring efforts in making this edition possible.



## ELIZABETH C. SEWALL

English, Hygiene

"The pleasant books, that silently among  
Our household treasures take familiar places,  
And are to us as if a living tongue  
Shakes from the printed leaves or pictured  
faces!"

## CHARLES E. DONER

Penmanship

"No violence can harm the meek."

Diploma, Zanerian School of Penmanship, Columbus, Ohio; Doane Academy, Dennison University, Granville, Ohio.

Hefley School of Commerce, Brooklyn; Spencerian Commercial School, Cleveland; Editorial Staff, Business Journal, N. Y.; Supervisor of Penmanship, Beverly; member of National Commercial Teachers' Federation; member of New England Penmanship Association; Zanerian Penmanship Association.







**LINWOOD L. WORKMAN**

**Physics, Physiology and General Sciences**

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,  
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

A. B., Colby College.

Instructor in sciences, Colby Academy; Wakefield High School; Watertown High School; Principal of Southboro High School; Principal of Higgins Classical Institute; Lecturer in Anatomy and Physiology, Framingham Hospital Nurses' Training School.

**MILLICENT COSS**

**Dressmaking, Millinery, Methods**

"Serene and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed."

A. B., Indian State University; B. S., Teachers' College, Columbia University.



**MAUDE B. GERRITSON**

**English, Language, Literature**

"Serenely moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay."

Diploma, State Normal School, Framingham;  
B. S., Teachers' College, Columbia University.  
Waltham High School.



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# Framingham State Normal School

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## LOUISE KINGMAN

Reading, Physical Education

"What e'er she did was done with so much ease,  
In her alone 'twas natural to please."

Diploma, Framingham Normal School; Student at Rice Summer School, Oak Bluffs.



## DOROTHY E. FRAZEE

Sewing, Dressmaking, Textiles

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute."

Diploma, State Normal School, Framingham; Teachers' College, Summer School.

Assistant in Chemistry and Physics in High School of Practical Arts; Instructor in Household Arts, Biology and General Science in Hardwick High School.

## HELEN E. LOCKWOOD

Household Arts

"Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
Intent to reason or polite to please."

Diploma, Framingham Normal School; Teachers' College, Summer School.

House of Seven Gables Settlement House; Jacob Tome Institute, Maryland; Dedham High School; Simmons College.





**SARA M. ARMSTRONG**

**Mathematics, Psychology, Education**

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same

Year after year, through all the silent night,  
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light!"

A. B., Tufts College; A. M., Columbia University.

Teacher, Danbury Normal School.

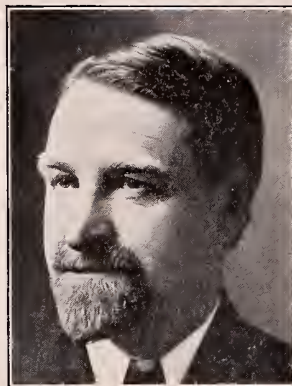
**CASSIUS S. LYMAN**

**Supervisor of Practice Teachers, Psychology,  
Pedagogy**

"The men who are lifting the world upward  
and onward are those who encourage more than  
criticize."

Ph. B., Yale.

Principal of Grammar School, six years; Principal of High Schools, five years; Superintendent of Schools, twenty-five years; Teacher of Geography, Salem State Normal School.



**DEBORAH M. RUSSELL**

**Chemistry**

"Her words are simple and her soul sincere."

Diploma, Framingham State Normal School.

Head Dietitian, Boston Floating Hospital.

Summer courses, Columbia University.



# Framingham State Normal School

## EMMA L. FEENEY

### Chemistry

"With gentle yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destined course,  
Graceful and useful, all she does,  
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."

A. B. Middlebury College.

Head of Chemistry Department, High School,  
Middletown, Conn.



## GRACE BROWN GARDNER

### Biology, Bacteriology, General Science

"Flowers preach to us if we will hear."

Diploma, Bridgewater State Normal School;  
A B., Cornell University; A. M., Brown University.

Primary Schools, New Bedford; Harrington  
Normal Training School, New Bedford; Head of  
Department of Biology, B. M. C. Durfee High  
School, Fall River.

Member of Massachusetts Federation of Natu-  
ral History Societies.



## EDNA M. STURTEVANT

### Resident Supervisor of Vocational Household Arts

"How lady-like, how qucen-like she appears."

A. B., Mt. Holyoke; Simmons College.

Teacher of Cookery in Newburyport High  
School; Plymouth High School; Home Demonstra-  
tion Agent; Massachusetts Agricultural College,  
New Bedford, Mass.





**ESTHER B. SUTCLIFFE**

**Physical Education**

"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

University of Chicago; Ph. B., Wellesley College, Department of Hygiene.

Instructor in Brimmer School, Boston.

**CORINNE E. HALL**

**Household Arts**

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Diplomas, Framingham Normal School; A. B., Denver University.

Supervisor of Domestic Science in Danbury, Conn. and New York City; Manual Training, High School, Denver, Colo.; Denver University Summer School; Massachusetts Agricultural College.



**BETHEL L. BANKS**

**Vocational Household Arts.**

Graduate of Framingham State Normal School; Summer Session, Hyannis Normal.

Assistant State Club Leader, Massachusetts Agricultural College; Teacher of Household Arts, Foxboro School and Plainville High School.





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# Framingham State Normal School

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**HELEN M. ALLEN**  
Drawing and Color

"Always thoughtful and kind, and untroubled."  
Diploma, Massachusetts Normal Art School,



**MARION TARBOX**  
Sewing

"Order is heaven's first law."  
Diploma, Framingham State Normal School;  
Teachers' College Summer School.  
Director of Household Arts, Whitinsville  
Mass.

**HAZEL HARMON**  
Household Arts

"To charm, to strengthen and to teach."  
Diploma, New Haven Normal School; Simmons College; B. S., Cornell University; Teachers' College Summer School.  
Instructor Household Arts, Meriden, Conn.







MARION WHITING

**MARION WHITING**

Household Arts

"There is not a moment without some duty."

Diploma, Framingham State Normal School;  
Teachers' College Summer School; Assistant in  
Chemistry, State Normal School, Framingham;  
Teacher of Cookery, Brockton.

**FLORA M. GREENOUGH**

History, History of Education, Civil Polity

"Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
Waits the rising sun."

B. S., Teachers' College, Columbia University;  
A. M., Tufts College.  
American Historical Association.

**LOUIE G. RAMSDELL**

Geography

"And when I pray, my heart is in my prayer;  
I cannot say one thing and mean another!"

Diploma, State Normal School, Framingham;  
Ph. B., University of Chicago.

Member of the National Association of Geographers.

**EMMA A. HUNT**

Physiology.

A. B., Wellesley, '14; Summer Sessions, Massachusetts Agricultural College; Summer Sessions, Teachers' College.

Assistant Biology, '14-'15; Teacher Biology, General Science, Framingham High School.



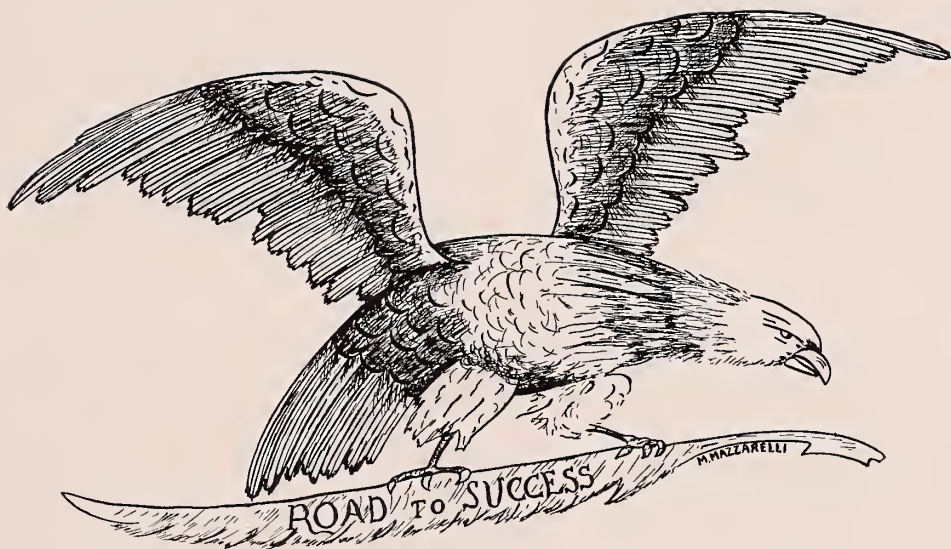
MRS. B. MERRIMAN  
Clerk and Stenographer



MRS. EVA HEMENWAY  
Secretary and Treasurer

**The Practice School**

LENA CUSHING, Acting Principal  
SUSAN M. EMERSON, Eighth Grade.  
ALICE E. JOYCE, Seventh Grade  
NELLIE A. DALE, Sixth Grade  
LUCY JOHNSON, Fifth Grade  
DOROTHY HOLDEN, Fifth Grade  
ALICE WINSLOW, Fourth Grade  
WINIFRED ARCHIBALD, Third Grade.  
GRACE HURLEY, Second Grade  
JENNIS GREY, First Grade  
MRS. CAMPBELL, First Grade



# SENIORS



**ADAMS, FLORENCE**

9 Mace Place, Lynn, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.

Fine Arts.

Lend-a-Hand.

Silver Bay.

"She lives by the road and is a friend to all."

Florence headed the roll all the time she was here and it wasn't a bad beginning, for she was usually there with an answer or a question. Of course we all found out that her favorite expression is—"I know", therefore we try not to get caught in an argument with her but remain the best of friends, for she is always ready for a good time and can give one to others, as many have found out.

She has a lively interest in athletics and whenever possible takes part.

Oftentimes we wonder why her thoughts are frequently centered on M. I. T. Is it because her brother is there or somebody else's? How about it, Florence?

We all hope that the "Golden Future" holds success for you in all you do.



**ALLEN, VERA BELLE**

Waltham, Massachusetts.

Fine Arts

Y. W. C. A.

"Vee"

"The hand that has made you fair, has made you good."

Five feet three—dark brown hair and eyes—that nice smile. Who is it? Vera Allen of course. What would happen if "Vee" couldn't take those week-end trips home? One look at those notebooks surely proves that she is conscientious. She is quiet and reserved—but not always. Would you believe that her aim in life, aside from teaching in a second grade, was to ride horseback? How she has changed this last year! Vera has forgotten to worry about her lessons but when you want anything she is the one to go to. Best wishes to a true blue girl.



**ANDREWS, MARY FRANCES**

32 Valley Road, Milton, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.

Middle Junior Play.

"Molly"

"The light heart and the heavy—walk side by side and go about together."

Some girls call her "Molly," others call her "Fran" but they both like to play the piano before meals, after meals, any time there's a lack of something to do. She surely enjoys a good time—especially a dance. Perhaps this accounts for those frequent visits to Hingham Centre.

Did you know Molly is a first class demonstrator? She surely made hot chocolate sound fine as she smiled and talked to Div. A in the beloved H. A. Lab. But then we all know she's a good cook. Wasn't she one of our first meat cooks when we sailed into House Practice, and a good one, too!

The best of success be yours, Molly.

# Framingham State Normal School

**ASHTON, DORIS**

445 Madison Street, Fall River, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Fine Arts.

"Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends."

Dot must be one of the "blessed" for she certainly makes friends, and what's more, she keeps them.

In "Paradise Alley" or "Washington Square" Dot's door is always open (except during study hour—wonder why?) and her room is seldom vacant. One reason is, of course, because we like her pillows! And whether it's writing up chem. or concocting an evening dress, she is always ready to give time, attention and helpful suggestions.

Yes, Dot is a good sport and a mighty good pal as we who have lived with her have discovered. We wish her the best of luck.

"Dot"



**BANKS, FLORENCE MAY**  
Framingham, Mass.

"Floppy"

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

What would the commuters ever do in Room 41 without the happy-go-lucky "Floppy"? Florence studies for a place-name test in geography—that is, really concentrates for ten minutes before class, then takes the test and gets no less than 98 per cent! Will you ever forget the day when "Floppy" told the story of "The little half chick" and said, "The little half chick hoppety-kicked out of the yard and didn't say good-bye to his mother nor anythin." If you want to know whether or not Florence will be a success, just ask her how she liked substituting in Nobscot. Good luck to you, Floppy.



**BARKER, BETSY DEANE**  
Fall River, Mass.

"Betty," "Bess"

Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Glee Club.  
Orchestra.  
Delegate to Des Moines.  
Y. W. C. A. Play.

"Good things come in small packages."

This is what Betty says when anyone remarks about her size and we have all come to believe it. She is prominent in many activities and is always ready to take her part whether it be playing the cornet or violin or dancing the darky breakdown, for she is clever at all of these accomplishments. She brightens all our classes for she is sure to say something funny. Her time is usually spent doing something for someone else for she can never bear to refuse a request no matter how much it inconveniences her. Our best wishes go with you, Betty.







**BENTLEY, ETHEL MAE**

Watertown, Mass.

"Noble by birth, but nobler by great deeds."

Of course there is no one who doesn't know Mae, especially the commuters in Room 41. Mae is the type of girl who cannot help showing her emotions. Her enthusiasm, beaming on her face, can be seen almost a mile away. It would not surprise us, in a very few years from now, to hear of Prof. Bentley, Professor of English at (—) University. English is Mae's hobby but she is good in all her academic work, we think she will succeed, whether she attempts upper or lower grade work. We wish her good luck.



**BIXBY, MARY BAKER**

Rehoboth, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.

Glee Club.

Mandolin Club.

Fine Arts.

Canning.

Girl Scouts.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free;

Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Where is the girl who has even known Marie to worry? Life is too short for that, isn't it, Marie? However, her wit, and ingenuity get her there every time. To know her is to learn that she is not as quiet as one would suppose—if in doubt ask her room mate. Canoeing she claims as her favorite hobby (even the Sudbury hath its charms). As for being a good musician—you should hear her play that mandolin. We have always found Marie a good sport and loyal friend—and we all wish her a jolly and glorious future.



**BLOOD, GLADYS BURNS**

Mendon, Mass.

"Those deep and tender eyes."

Gladys came to us after three long years of hard work at Northfield Seminary. Since then she has kept the commuters in Room 41 busy every noon with her jokes or her tales of woe. We say this because no one ever knew just what was behind those big blue eyes that could look so innocent. Although she can't be sure, Glad thinks she wants to teach upper grades. As for the rest of us—we could never make up our minds whether her life would be spent in ministering to children or to grown-ups. Whichever it may be we feel sure that she will do it well for "her heart is in the right place."

# Framingham State Normal School

**BONNEY, RUTH** "Bonney"  
9 Lafayette Street, Wakefield, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Glee Club.  
Canning.

"Now, good digestion, wait on appetite,  
And health on both."

Red-haired individuals are supposed to be peppery of temper. Though our Bonney gets there with a vengeance, she's true blue—not red. Snakes are her specialty; she has been known to jump as high as three feet when one slides across her toes. Probably it is her love for them that makes apple juice so appealing.

Ever and anon, the Parcel Post man brings bulky packages with strange postmarks; Tokio—Colon—or just plain Wakefield, Massachusetts (then we know it's "eats" and Bonney is so popular). Now, is food her only attraction? When a feller wants a friend, he looks to Bonney and never looks in vain. She is a winner.



**BOWES, FRANCIS F.** "Bowsie"  
Worcester, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
A'Kempis.

"To believe good of others floods the whole being with light."—R. E. Wilson.

"Bowsie" came to us direct from Worcester's Classical High School. It wasn't until our last year that we knew her. It was House Practice that made her leave the "Commuters" to live with us in Crocker Hall. For a time she missed her train pals, but soon she found that even Framingham Center held as great attractions as the B. & A. trains.

Francis is a quiet young miss who knows how to enjoy a good time, yet can readily change her attitude to that of real seriousness. She now thinks that teaching Household Arts to the young Americans will be interesting and we are all certain of her success because of her real liking for teaching.



**BUCKINGHAM, FAITH ALICE**  
Monson, Mass.

Delegate to Silver Bay.  
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Secretary of Fine Arts Club.

"A sunny disposition is half the battle."

Even the vain efforts of a division's culinary art have failed to make Faith plump and chubby. It always was a conundrum to us why her table was the last one out of the dining room.

As a minister's daughter she surprised us all, our first year of school, by exchanging suit cases on a Boston and Worcester car. Was it really accidental or merely providential? We might now publish a new fairy tale, entitled, "Cinderella of the Lost Suit Case."

As a Y. W. C. A. worker she has lent her untiring efforts to help make it a successful association and she will always remain in our hearts as "Our Faith" as well as "Duds."





**BUCKLEY, MURIEL CABOT**  
151 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Vice-President of Middle Junior Class.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Orchestra.  
Canning School.  
Delegate to Silver Bay.  
Fine Arts.

"Tis the song you sing, and the smile you wear,  
That make the sunshine everywhere."

Do you ask who it is that plays the 'cello so skilfully? It is no other than Muriel, and the Orchestra is already wondering what it will do without her aid another year.

By her winning ways she has found a place for herself among us all for she was always ready with a cheery greeting and a helping hand for all. From our first year, she has been a leader of many school activities and the way she has put her time and thought into the work of the Y. W. C. A. is one of the reasons why we are proud of her.



**BURT, FRANCIS H.** "Fran"  
Maple Street, East Longmeadow, Mass.

Fine Arts. Mandolin Club.  
Lend-a-Hand. Y. W. C. A.  
Glee Club. Silver Bay Delegate.  
Girl Scouts.  
Yale Cheer Leader.

"Nods, and becks and wreathed smiles."

Fran usually forgot to worry and always managed to make the rest of us smile. Did you ask what F. N. S. did for her? Taught her to play the mandolin and love Teo of course!

We surely appreciate Fran's good points, i.e., her elbows, but never could understand why "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" is her favorite song.

Fran is the best of friends and of sports, the latter quality accounting for her tendency to dog-roasts and swimming matches.

Is teaching her ambition?—Well, you never can tell! And using Fran's pet expression, this ain't the half of it, dearie!



**BUTLER, DORIS D.** "Dot" "D. Butler"  
Pepperell, Mass.

Y. W. C. A. Lend-a-Hand.  
Fine Arts.

"A good heart is like the sun, for it shines bright and never changes."

Dot, a busy lady, always can find time to help others, especially in house practice her worth has been proved.

Whose mournful cry is that down the corridor? It's Dot's. She can't find a thing to wear. When the bell rings for dinner, along comes a maiden with "vogues" latest fashion, none other than Dot.

Well, have you heard the latest?

All eyes turn to Dot who never disappoints us.

She always has news galore.

For those who the latest seek

She has a bountiful store.

Dot is interested in a position in New Hampshire. We wish her the best success in "Norwich."



# Framingham State Normal School

**CLARK, DORIS J.** "D. J."  
96 Wilbraham Road, Springfield, Mass.

Orchestra. Y. W. C. A.  
President of X. P. K.  
President of Mid. Jr. Class.  
Fine Arts. Chairman Senior "Prom."

"And still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all she  
knew."

If there's anything you want to know about any subject just ask our friend "D. J." from Springfield—the mystery being—where and from whence does she get all this information? For if you have gathered the idea that Doris is a grind we must disillusion you at once. She's the best sport ever—and is she good company? Just ask "the gang"! When it comes to tennis, dancing, jazzing up the old piano—and that ain't all—she's right there with 100 per cent. enthusiasm. Doris is extremely interested in settlement work. Her influence in this field is felt far and wide and she even feels it her duty occasionally to "settle up" a year's or so account! Withall, Doris has a quiet modesty that only her friends know her real worth—and lucky are we to be her friends.



**CLARK, IVALIEU**  
Medfield, Mass.

"She weighs the world in her mind's eye."

Ivalieu, known to some of her class mates as "Ivy," is a girl of unusual ability and good common sense. She is always ready to help and the best kind of a friend a girl could have. No matter what happens, how pleasant or unpleasant things may be, it is, "Well, that's all right," with her. Her loyalty to her class mates, unfailing good nature and pleasant humor make her an ever welcome companion. From her school spirit and attitude toward her work we are all very sure that success will follow her wherever she may go.



**COFFEY, GERTRUDE A.**  
Watertown, Mass.

"Gert"

A' Kempis Club.

"Her hand is ready and willing."

"Gert" is one of those girls that we just naturally like; we can't help it. Whenever we want to borrow a car ticket, a cooking cap, money for the movies or anything else, we can always depend upon "Gert" to supply them. She is the friend in need to us all. Her usual method of expressing surprise, consternation, fear, or any other emotion is simply, "Heek!" We think she got it from reading "Little Benny's Notebook" but of course we don't know. As for her future—she will be a successful teacher and we all join in wishing her the greatest success in life.





COGGER, GRACE VIVIAN  
Chelmsford, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.

"Not that she loved study less  
But that she loved fun more."

Grace needs no introduction to most of us. She is one of our most attractive and best liked girls and because of her happy smile and ready helpfulness has won many friends. If you have never been on any of her good times, well, to use one of her favorite expressions, "that's your hard luck."

She has been efficient in all of her studies but her success in penmanship is especially marked.

In the years to come we won't be surprised to hear that the "Cogger Method" is in use in Framingham.



COLLINS, SARAH LUCRETIA  
Gloucester, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Glee Club.  
Lend-a-hand.  
Pres. Junior Class.  
Y. W. C. A. Play.

"She is no plug and yet she's clever  
And as for fun, you'll beat her never."

The curtain rises and Lucretia enters F. N. S. Because of her vivacity and pleasing manner she won popularity at once which was made manifest by her election as President of the Junior Class '19-'20. She is an enthusiastic worker in all school activities and a great promoter of athletics. On the gym floor and in basket ball we always find her on the alert and full of pep. Dramatics also claim a great part of her time and energy.

Wherever you may roam, Lucretia, keep the spirit of F. N. S. '21 with you and success will be yours.



CURRIE, HELEN TREMAINE  
146 Morrisen Avenue, Somerville, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Dial Staff.  
Y. W. C. A.

"Build it well whate'er you do,  
Build it straight and strong and true,  
Build it high and deep and broad,  
Build it for the eye of God."

Helen, as we have found out by associating with her at Framingham, is a girl of high ideals and has will power to live up to those ideals. She is a conscientious girl and her perseverance and steadfastness are valuable assets for success. Helen is one whom you can always depend upon when there is any work to be done. Next year will find her teaching in Ridgewood, New Jersey. We wish her the best of success in her work.

# Framingham State Normal School

**CUTLER, DORIS M.**  
West Brookfield, Mass.

Lend-a-Hand.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Glee Club.

"Cut"

"It's only the great-hearted who can be true friends; the mean and cowardly can never know what true friendship means."

"I guess you'll be sorry when I grow up and become a great woman." Here comes our "Cut" with these words, laughingly spoken but in our minds not doubting of their fulfilment. What hasn't she done for us? Member how she gave us the biggest sensation of the year, for who can ever forget the unfortunate accident which happened to her in her Senior year? Discourage her! Far from it for she returned to us more than ever eager to accomplish her high ambitions. Hard knocks mean nothing to "Cut"; only a boost for her high ideals. A real pal is our "Cut."



**DANIELS, LOUISE CURTIS**  
94 School Street, Milford, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Lend-a-Hand.

"Weezie"

Louise, to her numerous friends known as "Weezie," is a girl, yes, you would almost call her quiet, who says little, does more, and helps all those who need assistance. Not only has she succeeded in her school work, but also along another line. She spent two whole years quietly at F. N. S.—quietly we say, because how many of us knew before she was a Senior that she was an artist at the piano? She is one who knows and loves music—and one who can live up to the quotation: "There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it."

Success to you, "Weezie," in the future, as you have succeeded in the past!



**DAY, ROSAMOND H.**  
West Millbury, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Middle Junior Play.

"Rosie"

"Deeds are better things than words are,  
Actions mightier than boasting."

Enter Rosie Day from "near Worcester." Wonder where that can be? Wherever she came from she's a good old scout, always on hand with sympathy and help when anyone is ill.

Rosie has her faults like all the rest of us and that is, squelching people. Can't you just hear her say, Well—NATURALLY!!!

At Chem. she's a shark, "subject matter" being her strong point, as all Smith House can vouch. Rosie's "works" were never successfully decorated with red ink, but there was real "stuff" in them. She has worked at F. N. S. with an enthusiasm which will, we are sure, bring her success in anything she attempts in the future.







**DODGE, ELEANOR LOUISE**

Rockport, Mass.

Fine Arts.

Y. W. C. A.

"I say

Just what I think, and nothing more or less."

Eleanor immediately impresses one by her cheerful countenance. Her peculiar sense of humor and her "million-dollar smile" scatter sunshine about her. Although Eleanor does not seem to be especially fond of the music class, we all know that she carries music in her soul. In east wing, among her classmates or at the practice school, Eleanor is always ready to lend a helping hand when the occasion arises. We know that she enjoyed her practice teaching in the primary grades and hope that she will meet with the same success in her own school. Good luck to you, Eleanor.

**DODGE, ELIZABETH WILSON** "Lib," "Bangs"

Rockport, Mass.

Fine Arts.

Y. W. C. A.

"Laughing words and many giggles."

"Lib" is a good sport with a disposition that doesn't match her hair. She is full of life, fun and smiles and looks only on the bright side of things. Although she would not be called an advanced Biblical scholar, she must be familiar with the Good Book, for one night she literally "took up her bed and walked." Coming from Pleasant Corner, "Lib" with her simple, unaffected manners has made every corner pleasant. Her favorite pastime is to settle in a comfortable chair with a book of detective stories before her. "Lib" will make a fine teacher and the whole class joins in wishing her the best of luck.



**DOUGHERTY, MARION F.** "Maryanne"

194 So. Main Street, Gardner, Mass.

A'Kempis.

Fine Arts.

"A willing heart adds feather to the heel."

Unfortunately for the inmates of Crocker, Marion happened to share her senior year with a room-mate equally as noisy as she—and much to our discomfort—for thumping of feet, scraping of chairs and furniture-moving often continued long after "lights out."

Nevertheless, all of her energy was not spent in Jupiter worship, for in Middle Junior year she proved to us the value of vegetable coloring, specially in raffia-dyeing, and her favorite pastime for a period of perhaps eight weeks was gathering dandelion blossoms and other equally "showy" plants.

Truthfully, however, we agree that in her three years here she has made good in scholarship, attitude and all the other qualities that make for the ideal F. N. S. girl.

# Framingham State Normal School

## DUDLEY, FLORENCE

112 East Water Street, Rockland, Mass.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.  
Delegate to Silver Bay.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Fine Arts.  
Harvard Captain.  
Secretary X. P. K.

"Dud"

I live for those who love me, for those I know are true.

"Has anyone seen my Faith?" issues a voice from third floor. No one needs to ask from whence the bird-like blast comes. Not only can she yell for her room-mate but she can yell for Harvard. Her skill in making baskets for the team will always remain a mystery to us. If there are any "cats" around she has her share. Oh, Dud! Do you remember the peanuts? As in basket ball, she puts everything over the top and wins. Whether it be a Y. W. C. A. play to be planned or a basket ball game to be won, her enthusiasm is the same for she believes that success comes in cans.



## DUFAULT, LEAH G.

49 Maple Street, Spencer, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
A' Kempis.  
Middle Junior President.  
Vice-President W. P. K.  
Editor of Dial.

"Lee"

"Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Leah and Win—it is an impossibility to think of one without the other. When it comes to an all-around girl, one who "is able" to put a thing over, Leah is in the first line.

What is it that makes Leah so popular? Is it her consciousness, and her spirit of friendliness, that radiates and cheers the hearts of all with whom she comes in contact?

"That reminds me of a story Roland tells" and forthwith we share some of Leah's abundant supply of humor.

"My-y-y L-o-r-d—Win echoes through the corridors and we know Leah is at hand.

And now a toast to Leah—a good sport, true friend and Editor of our Dial!



## EAGAN, JOHANNA C. F.

Framingham, Mass.

A' Kempis.  
Class Day Committee.

"Jo"

"I have no desire to give an ostentatious exhibition of erudition."

Johanna always comes to the rescue of Division A in history. When our last hope is gone and Miss Greenough's wrath is about to descend, Johanna bravely stands up and brings us safely over the danger spot. She simply asks a little question about "the production of a dangerous chemical acid in Yucatan." Then after doing her duty she sits, and we smile happily as we listen to Miss Greenough's wonderful discourse for the rest of the period.

"All's well that ends well," Jo, and we sincerely hope that you will always love arithmetic (especially "Bills") as much as you do now.







**FANNING, RUTH NAOMI**  
Gilbertville, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
A' Kempis.  
Glee Club.

"And she has hair of auburn hue,  
Take care!"

Ruth's great ambition is to be a music teacher. She ought to be able to do this if Mr. Archibald's praises predict anything. Wasn't she the only one who took the cake for leading the music class? She is faithful and conscientious with all her school work. You must not try to disturb her when she is studying for a place name test or anything else. We think her future pupils will love her as we all do. After all is said and done, we wish you the best of luck, Ruth.. May your future be a success.



**FOLEY, MARY J.**  
Framingham, Mass.

A' Kempis Club.  
Athletic Editor of Dial.  
Chairman Class Day Committee.  
Basket Ball.

"Mary Jay"

"If a task is once begun,  
Never leave it 'till it's done."

Mary is one of our "strong" girls. F. N. S. expects a great deal from her. It considered her such a fine teacher that she was sent out substituting in her Junior year.

A place where Mary feels very much at home is in the "Gym." When she can start the basket ball toward the Harvard goal in a good swift game, she is in her glory.

She intends specializing in History and English later and from the way in which she eats up these subjects now, we prophesy a successful career, both as a student and teacher.



**GAFFNEY, LUCILLE STORY**  
102 Prospect Street, Gloucester, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Lend-a-Hand Treasurer.

"Ceile"

"Bright was her face with smiles."

"Ceile's smile is one of the nicest things about her. To know her is to know a very sincere and lovable girl, who has a wealth of counsel, sympathy and love for others.

What is it that brings order out of chaos? System. That's what "Ceile" has—system in everything she undertakes; and that is what brings her always "out on top." We all know who has made such an efficient treasurer of our Lend-a-Hand this year.

"Ceile" has best wishes of us all for success in the years to come; and because she loves teaching we know she'll be a teacher who will always be loved.

# Framingham State Normal School

## GIBSON, HAZEL

Worcester, Mass.  
Fine Arts.  
Glee Club.

"Too true to flatter, to proud to sneer,  
A staunch, a noble trusty heart,  
More loving and more noble every beat."

Hazel came to us in the second year of our sojourn here, but as a staunch, true friend with an unswerving character, her fame soon spread "like butter on hot gingerbread." She is always ready, yea modest to the last degree. Many times we have listened, enchanted, to her voice and we know of no other here who can excel her. When she leaves F. N. S. she will retain a host of friends who feel they have been uplifted by her presence and honored by her companionship. May every day of her life be a happy one!



## GRAHAM, ROWENA MARJORIE

Suffield, Connecticut.

Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Glee Club.  
Silver Bay Delegate.  
Dial Staff.

"Splendidly capable  
Her career awaits her."

Rowena in her modest, unassuming way has won her laurels at F. N. S. We all admire her ability as a scholar and her success in teaching. Her ready wit and dry humor have radiated sunshine on second East. Many a girl has been lured to her room between nine and twelve where they have been fascinated by her delightful readings, imaginative stories or the reproduction of a thrilling movie tale. We all wish Rowena the greatest success in the future and we are confident that she will be a credit to our dear old school.

"Ro"



## GREENE, MARIE ELIZABETH

124 Sylvan Street, Danvers, Mass.

A'Kempis Club.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Mandolin Club.  
Fine Arts Club.

"Kind hearts are the gardens  
Kind thoughts are the roots  
Kind words are the blossoms  
Kind deeds are the fruits."

"Betty" can always find time for a kind word or a favor for someone—something thoughtful and helpful. Her cheerfulness is often made apparent by the music we hear when we are near her room. "Betty" surely is fond of music, and often entertains us with her mandolin or sometimes by playing the piano. She is equally fond of her work as we all know, and we often wonder how she does so much. Perhaps a year in the Regular course has given her an advantage over us, for she seems to know just how to study and just what to do in all our work. Music, painting and handwork, sewing and notebooks. "Betty" seems to be an artist in all she attempts.

"Betty"





**HACKETT, MARY ESTHER** "Mary Lamb"  
122 Summit Street, Rockland, Mass.  
Rockland High School, 1915.  
Treasurer "A'Kempis" Club.  
Fine Arts.

"I am a woman—  
Then I think I must speak."  
—Shakespeare.

A rush, a dive here and there, and at last she has found her books and papers and is off to class a minute behind the rest. Mary is a quiet maiden, but when she speaks we all listen. Her favorite topic of discussion is "Why egg whites do not beat up readily." When it comes to cooking and chemistry assisting Mary Lamb is always on the job. We wonder what career awaits her and wish her the best of luck.



**HARRINGTON, CATHERINE** "K"  
Lindell Avenue, Leominster, Mass.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Glee Club.  
Fine Arts.

"I would be a friend of all—the foe—the  
friendless;  
I would be giving and forget the gift;  
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;  
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and  
lift."

Making the best of things is what "K" has done all along the way.

She is a girl who enjoys a good time and enters in with a will. One who is always ready to do what she can for others and add to their happiness. To know her is to know a lovable girl whom you can call a friend.



**HEIN, DORIS M.** "Dot"  
120 Florence Street, Springfield, Mass.  
Y. W. C. A. Glee Club Treasurer.  
Fine Arts. Lend-a-Hand.  
Mandolin Club.  
Class Day Committee.  
Delegate to Silver Bay.  
Girl Scouts.

"Awake! Arise! And come away!  
Radiant Sisters of the Day  
To the wild woods and the plains,  
And the pools where winter rains  
Image all their roof of leaves."

—Shelley

To whom could this verse be applied more fittingly than to our Dot. Yes, she knows all the birds and flowers of hill and dale. She also takes great pleasure in all kinds of outdoor sports. Skating, snow-shoeing, skiing, hiking and playing tennis are all known to her. Who is it who comes in strong on the tenor when we sing our school songs? None other than Dot with her strong soprano voice.

Don't be surprised if you should pass a little country schoolhouse up in New York State a few years from now and see laughing Dot teaching happy children. We wish you the best of success, Dot.



# Framingham State Normal School

**HENDRICKSON, HILMA J.**  
South Dennis, Mass.

"Hilly"

Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.

"A fair maiden  
Clothed with celestial grace."

This little maid from the cape has won the hearts of all who have made her acquaintance. Her aim in life is to make others happy. She loves little "kiddies" and we feel sure she will make a successful teacher. Her favorite haunt is the laundry. When not there, she is passing her time studying or answering the telephone. Cheer up "Bumpy," the best is yet to come.



**HIGGINS, GERTRUDE LOUISE** "Snigs" "Hig"  
Townsend, Mass.

Lend-a-Hand.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Minstrel Show.  
Middle Junior Play.  
Grind Editor of Dial.

"But thou dost make the night itself  
Brighter than the day."

Behold the heroine of our Middle Junior Play, better known in that role of Eliza. "Snigs" hails from Townsend and we'll all say the town surely did send something when it sent her. Even though suffering from one of the hardest attacks of "dark Brown" if one but visits her room she will quickly revive for "Snigs" can't be beaten for a chaser of the blues. She is an apt student of Russian and has helped many an ambitious soul to reach her own envied heights. To tease her is quite easy but make her mad you can't. Who is more ready, more helpful and kind especially when it comes to doing things? For generosity and unfailing loyalty she can't be beaten. So here's our best to one who is a real friend.



**HILL, PRISCILLA ELIZABETH** "Pris"  
11 Hackfeld Road, Worcester, Mass.

"Pris"

Orchestra.  
Mandolin Club.  
Fine Arts President, Vice-President.  
Y. W. C. A.

"There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face."

Priscilla came to us from the Worcester Art School. The great Muse of Art had a strong influence over her but finally she succumbed to the call of the school on the hill and has never regretted it we are sure. She has found that the work, the social life and even the country side has "charms" for her.

'Cill is a quiet young lady—but like all quiet young ladies never misses anything that is going on. She enjoys Household Arts and so we are sure success awaits her in that line around the corner of life.





**HINCHCLIFFE, MARGARET**  
 3 Highland Road, Andover, Mass.  
 Orchestra.  
 Fine Arts.  
 Y. W. C. A.

"Peg"

Do you hear that giggle? That's Margaret. She came to the "school on the hill" from Andover, and chose Household Arts for her course, knowing that it would be useful whatever her future work might be.

When she first came many of us thought her quiet and sedate, but little pins tell big stories, don't they Margaret?

She is a very willful young lady and carries out whatever she attempts to the end. If she chooses school teaching for her profession we are all quite sure that success awaits her, for just think of the valuable experience she has been getting in Milford. 'S a long ride from Milford to Andover Friday afternoons, isn't it Margaret?



**HOLMAN, ARLINE NELLIE**  
 Fitzwilliam, N. H.

Fine Arts.  
 Lend-a-Hand (2)  
 Y. W. Social Service Committee (2)

"Deeds are better than words are;  
 Actions mightier than boasting!"

Arline has won a place in the hearts of all of us. She has been one of our stars in classes and by volunteering has often saved the rest of us from being questioned. She is a friend to all and a true one. When it is time for fun Arline is always "on deck" and ready to do her part. If it hadn't been for her we sadly fear Miss Greenough would never have been able to keep her room in order or have her things for classes. Here's to your future success and happiness, Arline!



**HOLMES, GRACIE ELVIRA**  
 49 Crescent Street, Waltham, Mass.  
 Fine Arts.  
 Lend-a-Hand.

"Gracie"

She's here today but she's home tomorrow so that we sometimes wonder if she isn't just paying us visits here at school. We don't know how she does it but she gets her lessons and then manages to have a "perfectly wonderful time" over the week end, whether it's at a "Dorm." dance or cooking for her mother. And she can cook or do most anything about the house. She is also keen for hospital work so we don't know what her chosen vocation will be. Whatever it is, we know she will be successful, and we wish her the best of luck along with her good time.



# Framingham State Normal School

**HOSMAN, MARGARET MARY**  
Westboro, Mass.

A' Kempis.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is—spotless reputation."

Have you ever heard "Mary" argue about the senior dance? "Oh go on, you can come if you want to. You're mean." Look at her picture and you can see intelligence beaming through those lovely eyes. For statistics she received two A's at the Practice School. The sounds of distant voices! Listen—we hear "Mary" and her travelling companion debating—yes furiously arguing over—maybe—nothing. Margaret's aim in life is to teach ovals to all children who have trouble with penmanship. Mary is a wonderful girl when one knows her, but it takes time to become famous.



**HOWES, WINIFRED MARY**  
Ashfield, Mass.

"Winnie"

Secretary Senior Class.  
Secretary Girl Scouts.  
Treasurer Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Chairman Class Day Music  
Glee Club.

"She was so thrifty and good  
A girl not of words, but of actions."

All the way from Ashfield comes Winifred. Sanderson Academy sent us a fine girl when it sent her. Just a glance at the above list makes it hardly necessary for us to say any more about her active social life. When we want anyone to hold a position of trust or to carry through a piece of work to a splendid finish, we choose Winnie. Always, in our classes and in our play she is with us. We know you to be a fine teacher, and on the road to fame also, as a pianist. Our thoughts are with you, Winnie.



**HUNTRESS, FLORENCE CATHERINE**  
8 Dexter Street, Haverhill, Mass.

"Si"

Fine Arts.  
A' Kempis.

The sunshine and blue skies are fine,  
I'm thankful for the flowers  
For they are truly gifts divine  
To cheer this world of ours.  
But flowers droop and skies turn gray  
And oft the sunshine ends.  
God's greatest blessings, so I say,  
Are friends."

Surely "Si" is a friend we all want to claim as ours. She's a genuine good sport and a jolly "pal." She is quiet—at times—but always ready with a witty remark or joke. She's clever at her studies and as for "intelligence," ranks among the highest in our class.

Let's give a rousing good cheer for our loyal friend and wish her a successful future.





IRVINE, EVELYN SHEPPARD  
Worcester, Mass.

"Ebby"

Glee Club.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Junior Class Treasurer.

"Oh spirits gay, and kindly heart!  
Precious the blessings ye impart!"

"Ebby" is one of those clever people to whom everything seems to come without an effort. This cleverness of hers has served her well in many a tight place where none but her closest friends have been aware that she was the least bit embarrassed. She is a cheery person—the kind you are always glad to have around. If you are looking for a companion for a weary hour, an advisor for the solution of a hard problem, a partner in fun-making, or someone to tell your troubles to, choose "Ebby"—she will not fail you.



KELLY, MARY ELIZABETH  
Ware, Mass.

"Kelly"

A'Kempis Club.  
Fine Arts.

"Always thoughtful, kind and untroubled."

Here is Mary, the girl with the "contagious laugh." Is she witty? She certainly is! Whenever Mary's "contagious laugh" peals forth, it is sure to be joined by several others. Mary had an advantage over the others at Rogers' during her first year. "Sh!" She could stay up late nights and never receive the blame. You ask what she did on these occasions? When there was work to do Mary studied hard. No, she isn't a grind. She is a very quiet girl, yet she is always in for a good time when there is one. Here's to you, Mary with good luck and best wishes.



KEYES, ELIZABETH ANN

"Betty" "Kaysie" "Liz"

New Bedford, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Canning. Fine Arts.

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,  
But if she won't, she won't, and there's an  
end on't."

Now who said, "Land Sakes"?

O, yes, Betty Keyes, as we might know. She is always rushing about the place on some important errand which some one has asked her to do because they know she will carry it out to the end.

After knowing Bettie's record and ability at Framingham and seeing her build fires at Crocker and work at canning school, we expect to see her managing some large ranch where they can all can or get canned by Betty. She has a great faculty for handling workers.

You can always find Betty having a good time when she's not working. Fun is her middle name.

Can Betty write poetry? Well, just take a glimpse at our class hymn and the new school song.

# Framingham State Normal School

**KIMBALL, PAULINE M., "Polly" "Pollyanna"**  
 20 Summer Street, Melrose, Mass.  
 Lend-a-Hand.  
 Y. W. C. A.  
 Fine Arts.  
 Glee Club.  
 Middle Junior Play.

"To know her is to love her."

"Pollyanna" is a name that just suits Polly. She is just like the real Pollyanna for she always has a smile and is ready to help others. She is always singing, too,—another indication of a happy disposition.

Polly is one of those girls who has the art of wearing clothes and looks well in everything from a middy blouse to an evening dress. Remember "Vera" of the class play?

Polly does not always start among the first, but nevertheless she gets her work in on time. Here's to Polly for she's a good sport!



**KIMBALL, RUTH "Kimmie"**  
 62 Clifton Street, Dorchester, Mass.  
 Y. W. C. A. Lend-a-Hand.  
 Fine Arts Canning.  
 Mandolin Club.

"I hate a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it is wrong, leave it undone.

Ruth is very devoted to her friends and to her school. She is one who always stands beside you in pain and in pleasure and makes a splendid nurse, caring for your every need.

Ruth enjoys a lot of fun, but is not one to neglect her work, her motto being, "Work first, then play." Her chem, charts and not books were always ready on time, while some of us had to sit up late and rise early to get them done.

We will always think of Ruth as a true friend, a devoted worker, and a true Lend-a-Hand girl.



**KING, MARION I. "Mickey"**  
 152 Rumford Avenue, Mansfield, Mass.  
 Senior Class President.  
 Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.  
 Lend-a-Hand. Fine Arts.  
 Silver Bay. Mandolin Club.  
 Chairman Middle Junior Dance.  
 Chairman Middle Junior Circus.

"She doesn't lose her head, even for a minute: She plays well the game, and knows the limit, And still gets all the fun there is in it."

Think of a girl who can do anything from running a circus to leading a Y. W. C. A. meeting. Who is it but Mickey, the best sport ever! As class president where could we find one like her and who else could have brought us safely out of so many difficulties? Even Mickey has her weak points, as for instance ask the occupants of the room below just what happens several minutes, hours, after "lights out," or ask her what cut of meat to buy for hamburger steak. When everyone else is busy Mickey can find time to do something for somebody. With your business-like way, Mickey, there is no need to wish you success because you'll surely have it.







LANE, BEULAH R.  
Rockport, Maine.

Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Delegate to Silver Bay.

"Boolie"

"Her wisdom in her goodness found its mate"  
"But beyond expression fair  
With thy floating flaxen hair;  
Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes."

"How quiet Beulah is," we all said until we knew her. She has a very pleasing manner, is inclined to be modest, and is always thoughtful of others. Speaking of modesty, Beulah taught for three years in Maine before she came to F.N.S.—and some of us never knew it until she had been here a year. Whenever Maine is mentioned we always think of Beulah. She is a girl well worth knowing and a friend worth having.

"I leave thy praises unexpressed."



LANE, CAROLYN STETSON  
76 High Street, Rockport, Mass.

Lend-a-Hand. Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A. Glee Club.

"Pete"

"You have friends and kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes that fill your heart with happiness."

When one mentions the name "Pete" Lane, before the mind's eye comes the picture of a sweet, carefree and ever cheerful girl.

She can cook and knows the utensils well, for who doesn't remember the day she told Miss Penniman that tomato soup was cooked in a "puret strainer." And sew—who can equal her in turning out tailored waists and gingham dresses over a week-end.

No one ever sees "Pete" at work—but she always turns out the finished product—and good at that—whether it be note books or cretonne boxes.

Everyone knows her as "Pete"—and only on rare occasions is she called Carolyn and then she knows enough to step lively.

"Pete" has her own ideas as to her work as a dietitian somewhere, but often times our plans are "scat"-tered.



LAWTON, MABEL GAGE  
Athol, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Glee Club.  
Girl Scouts.

"Then let us smile when skies are gray  
And laugh at stormy weather,  
And sing life's lonesome times away  
To gladden all together."

This saying is certainly appropriate for Mabel, one of our quiet girls who does very little talking, but who always greets us with a smile. Did you hear Mabel sing at Y. W. or after dinner in Crocker Parlor? Why her voice is so sweet that she makes us forget our troubles in working out Food and Dietetics problems. Mabel is very conscientious and succeeds in accomplishing what she plans on doing. We all hope that she will make good and acquire a world wide reputation.

# Framingham State Normal School

**LESTER, ORIANNA GRACE**  
9 Highland Street, Ware, Mass.

Lend-a-Hand.  
Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Class Play.

It's well to be merry and wise,  
It's well to be honest and true,  
It's well to be off with the old love,  
Before you are on with the new.

Ha! Ha! Hear that laugh? That's Ori. You always know when she's around because when she isn't laughing she's singing "Margie." We wonder why that is her favorite song. She always manages to get a good time out of everything, even practice teaching, and her pep makes her popular wherever she goes.

Her ambition is perhaps to become manager of the "Waldorf." Whatever it is we are very sure she will make a success of it.

"Ori"



**MANN, GLADYS LOUISE**  
Ashbury Grove, Mass.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.  
Fine Arts.  
Delegate to Silver Bay.  
Glee Club.  
Y. W. C. A. Chairman and Membership Committee.

"I would be a friend to all."

We all know Gladys. She is a friend indeed with all the virtues of a friend. She is always ready to lend a hand and we are sure she will be one of the best teachers in the class of 1921. We have always found her ready whether in work or play.

One of Gladys' pastimes is riding in the Ford. We wonder if she always goes alone.

Gladys has never joined our "gym" class, but this year she is our critic. If all girls had the disposition Gladys has, we would not care, if they were all critics. We all know she will succeed because she is the successful type.



**MAXFIELD, DORIS**  
91 Bridge Street, Fairhaven, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.

"Not much talk, a great sweet silence."

"Dodie" is one of the reliable girls who can be depended upon to do most anything. Didn't she make the best bread in B division? And it wasn't beginner's luck either, for she can do it any old time. As for youngsters, what doesn't she know about them? There is just one exception to "Dodie's" reliability, however, and this occurs regularly on Thursday nights, when she is packing her bag for a week end trip to So. Weymouth. Then hilarity reigns supreme all 'round her.

Dodie's good sense and good nature will see her through every time.

"Dodie" "Dob"







**MAZZARELLI, MARY ELVIARA**  
Milford, Mass.

Regular Art Editor of Dial.  
A'Kempis Club.  
Fine Arts.

Of the many entertainers which the commuters have had during lunch in Rome 41, no one person helped any more than our dark-eyed little Mary Mazzarelli, with her charming voice. Music, however, is not Mary's strongest point. She has made quite a name for herself through her beautiful drawings and paintings. If it were not for her willingness to help, many would be our drawing cares. We know that Mary will make good whether she starts with her own school next year or whether she goes to study art, in which she excels.



**MAZZEI, MARY C.**  
Chelsea, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Mandolin Club.  
Lend-a-hand.

"Maizie"

"She was a friend indeed

With all a friend's best virtues shining."

"Maizie" is a girl worth knowing. She always greets you with a smile or joke and is always ready to help you in her own good-natured way. Is she ever unwilling? She is one of Framingham's most conscientious girls. It has made her love teaching, especially at Apple Street. Maizie often expresses herself as follows: "I shall die the death of a rag doll!" Her hobby is making a noise. When entering Peirce Hall you hear singing and where does it come from? Maizie's room! No matter how hard the task to perform she always undertakes it with a song.



**McCLELLAN, TERESE KATHRYN**  
928 Rock Street, Fall River, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Minstrel Show.  
Glee Club.  
Lend-a-Hand.

"Those bewitchin' bewitchin' eyes."

"T" arrived late, but it didn't take long for us to learn that we needed her in school, for fun and frolic. When it comes to decorating and making life happy and "comfy" "T" is the one girl in our class you want to call upon. With her cheery and happy smile and a long list of peppy college songs accompanied by that "uke" of hers (?) we'll all agree that she is one of our live wires. Ask "T" why she has such a great fondness for closets between 7.00 and 9.00 P. M., but just the same she is an "Ernest" girl about writing one letter each night and making floors creak after 10.00 as she trips the light fantastic to the mail basket. T's one ambition is to make us love her "er-nerst"ly and then the "world is hers."

# Framingham State Normal School

McGURK, ANNA F.  
New Bedford, Mass.

"Bill"

A'Kempis Vice President.  
Fine Arts.  
Art Editor of Dial.  
Class Day Committee.

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

A box of candy—who but "Bill" could have that in her possession, for we all know her fondness for "sweets." You don't know who "Bill" is? Well, Anna or "Bill" is a quiet, reserved girl who comes from the wondrous city of New Bedford. No,—she isn't always quiet, for at times her melodious voice may be heard while she is cleaning her dustless room to the tune of "I know what it means to be lonesome."

Yes, isn't that a striking poster! Our many entertainments at F. N. S. have shown us just a little of her artistic ability.

We know that she has had success in her work at Normal and extend our sincere wishes for future success.



McNAMARA, MARY CLAIRE  
Milford, Mass.

Glee Club.  
A'Kempis Club.

"One could mark her merry nature by the twinkle in her eye."

How dull our school life would have been if Mary hadn't come to F.N.S. to cheer us up when we were blue! Popular? Yes, indeed! Her winning smile and charming ways predicted such from the very beginning. One of her greatest charms is her sweet soprano voice and she has been a very helpful member of the Glee Club. Mary is a music lover and scarcely is there a week that she doesn't go to Symphony. Oh yes, she is quite safe, she doesn't go alone. There is no doubt that she will make a good teacher. Here's to your good luck in the future, Mary.



McPHERSON, MARIE J.  
57 South Walker Street, Lowell, Mass.

Y. W. C. A. President.  
Lend-a-hand.  
Fine Arts.  
Canning.  
Delegate to Silver Bay.  
Glee Club Librarian.

"I don't meddle with what my friends believe or reject, any more than I ask whether they are poor or rich; I love them."

"Anybody want to get up early?" Of course it is Marie with her alarm clock. Her influence is not only felt in the "wee small hours," but it extends throughout the school in the work she has done in "Y. W."

She has a charming voice. Could one of us ever hear "At Dawning" and not recall Crocker living room or camp? Is there anything more dear to girls' hearts than someone who really can, and is willing to, entertain? Singing is not her only accomplishment. Hers is a friendship worth gaining.





**MEADER, MARY JOSEPHINE**  
Holliston, Mass.

A'Kempis Club.

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!"

If you want sympathy in work, go to Mary. She can see your point of view no matter how it is presented to her. Another phase of her sympathetic nature shines through when it is nearly time for the Holliston train. Just about that time everyone of us feels a gnawing pain of hunger. It is Mary who proposes "eats." It is her aim to become the head of a cooking department in an Egyptian High School. As a student she has admirable ability to give her contributions to the class without hesitation.



**MERCHANT, BLANCHE**  
Westboro, Mass.

"To know her is to love her."

There goes a tall, sweet, modest maid. Who is she? Blanche Merchant, of course. Blanche is one of those girls who is always ready in time of need. She always has a smile, whether at work or at play. She has the reputation of knowing a great deal and we are sure she will make a successful teacher. Has she not all the makings of one? She loves a good time but that does not make her shirk her duties. We are glad that you came to Framingham, Blanche, glad to have had two years of your friendship and our best wishes go with you in the coming year.



**MITCHELL, GRACE**  
Wrentham, Mass.

A'Kempis.

Fine Arts.

Regular Junior Baseball.

"Her eyes are bright with shining light,  
The sunlight glints her hair."

Grace, usually known as "Junie," is another one of our small but very important and competent class members. In spite of being small, she was quite able to go into the eighth grade of the Practice School and do the work successfully. She is one who does hard things without grumbling and does them well. She always has a smile for everyone and her presence everywhere is sufficient to insure a rollicking good time. We know she will make a splendid teacher and hope that she will have all success and happiness.



# Framingham State Normal School

**NELSON, GERTRUDE** "Gert"  
538 Bradford Avenue, Fall River, Mass.

Lend-a-hand.  
Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.

"Feet that run on willing errands."

Did someone say let's go down to "Ginter's"? Yes, there's Gert all ready for her daily exercise. She has a great faculty for making friends and keeping them, but knowing Gert we are not surprised. She would do anything for anybody and lend the last thing she had. Gert likes a good time and she is always ready the minute something is suggested, whether it is to make fudge in the X. P. K. or to go to So. Fram. to the movies. Taken all in all, she's O. K. and one of our truest and staunchest friends.



**O'CONNOR, ANN CLAIRE** "Shrimp"  
121 Phoenix Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

A'Kempis President.  
Fine Arts.  
Harvard Basket Ball Team.  
Club's Editor of Dial.  
Senior "Prom" Committee.

"She is the smallest lady alive

Made in a piece of Nature's madness,  
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness  
That over filled her."

Three years ago "Miss Annie O'Connor from Springfield" entered our midst. Although small in stature Annie can accomplish big things, take, for instance, the demonstration in Room 23 when she put forth a "surprise in every package." We aren't quite sure whether she will become a second Miss Bradley or pursue the teaching profession—"little boys" being her specialty.

But whatever you undertake, Annie, we feel certain that you'll be more than a success at it.



**OLIVER, MARION E.**  
35 Mount Vernon Street, Gloucester, Mass.

A'Kempis.  
Fine Arts.  
Mandolin Club.  
Girl Scouts.

"Every book we read brings us one step higher in our climb to knowledge."

You know I say just what I mean, nothing more or less. That sums up Marion's viewpoints on life. If she can't help you she won't harm you. At times, say, at lectures she does look sort of serious minded, but just wait till you see her smile. Then you will be certain she is two persons in one. Success is bound to be yours, Marion, as you always accomplish what you set out to do. May the best of luck be with you, alaways.







**ORR, LAURA BLANCHE**  
1550 West Street, South Attleboro, Mass.

Canning,  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Y. W. C. A.

"Two heads in school, two beside the hearth,  
Two in the sadness and joys of the world.  
Two in the tasks along life's sweet path,  
Two staunch young hearts around her's arc  
curled."

You all know Blanche, although not well,  
But those who love her ne'er will tell  
Of the many helpful thoughts you'll always find  
Around her heart so tightly entwined.

Always ready to laugh and be gay,  
Her work is done in some unknown way.  
She never lacks plenty of good hearted zest  
And she is happy just like the rest.

A member of Lend-a-Hand club she was,  
Although not a leader, true to the cause.  
She worker a great deal in the summer at canning,  
And finished the course with great understanding.



**PARKER, DORIS M.**  
Greenwich Village, Mass.

Fine Arts,  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Middle Junior Play.

"Dot"

"We have much to enjoy in the quiet and retirement of our own thoughts."

Doris is a very quiet little girl, but she says we don't know her. Perhaps we don't! She is a very conscientious worker and always stands well in her classes. As for being good fun just get her started, then watch the fun. A truer friend cannot be found.

Doris comes from a little town in Massachusetts called Greenwich Village—not the "follies." She spends her week-ends in Lynn. I think we all can say that her favorite occupation is writing letters to another state. It is said he got "three" one day. When we hear "Oh! My John Henry" we know who is near.



**PARMENTER, MIRIAM**  
Hudson Street, Northboro, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Glee Club.

"If she will do't, she will, and  
There's an end on't."

"Oh, dear!" Yes, here's Miriam. She commuted her first year, so, we did not know her very well until our middle junior year and, then, we were glad we did. Did you ever see anything out of place on Miriam or in her room? Never. She's one of the kind who can always keep everything spick and span. How she does it, we don't see, but it always is. She is conscientious, too, and always has her work done. That's another mystery to some of us. But Miriam does enjoy a good joke and she and Harriet have great times after 10 P. M. I hear. Why all the exercises?

# Framingham State Normal School

**PAWLOWSKY, HAZEL B.**  
697 Park Street, Attleboro, Mass.

"Funny"

Y. W. C. A.  
President Lend-a-Hand.  
Fine Arts.  
Mandolin Club.

"To know her is to love her."

A timid tap on the door, a smile on her face and a wee voice saying, "I come," announces Hazel. She is always ready to help, cheerful and willing, the best nurse in Crocker. Her motto being "kill or cure over night." She certainly lives up to her office as President of Lend-a-Hand." Of course we all know why she adores all things belonging to "Tech" but the mystery is—"Why does pussy love to sleep on the Tech pillow?" Never mind, Hazel, we all wish you happiness when out teaching and later on when you are mistress of the "Love Nest."



**PEARL, CLARA MAUDE**  
West Boxford, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Girl Scouts—Corporal.  
Y. W. C. A. Play.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."

When we first saw Maude we thought her much younger than the rest of the girls at Framingham. In our Junior Thanksgiving program, she made a dear little girl with her long curls. Also, in our Senior year, she took the part of the "Baby Doll" in the Y. W. C. A. play. But she has shown us all, that in spite of her youthful appearance, she is quite grown up when it comes to teaching. You do not get acquainted with her in a minute, but the longer you know her the better you like her. Maude surely enjoyed her practice teaching, as was evidenced by her frequent expression, "It's just wonderful."



**PEARSON, LILLIAN H.** "Lil" "Lila"  
22 Oakview Terrace, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Silver Bay Delegate.  
Fine Arts.  
Mandolin Club.  
Canning.  
Girl Scouts.

"Better be small and shine, than be great and cast a shadow."

"My John Henry Alooishus!" issuing from 24 Crocker. Who's making all the noise? Why little Lila Pearson of course. She's that little girl who lives up in "Washington Square." She's always the same to everyone. And say, sometime just ask Lila about those Gob dances out at the Jamaica Plain Hostess House,—and then just casually mention the name of a certain — well (shh!)—she met him at Provincetown last summer, and they do say he was quite smitten, but who could help liking our "Lila"?





PENNELL, MARGARET LOUISE "Peg"  
74 Bradford Street, Provincetown

Y. W. C. A.  
Canning School Fine Arts.  
Lend-a-Hand Silver Bay.

"Who brings sunshine into the life of another has sunshine in his own."

Comes Mistress Peg Pennell  
From Provincetown, that quaint old town  
Where sailor laddies dwell.  
Where men-o'-war from ports afar  
Heave with the heaving swell.

A Puritan maid is she  
Quiet her ways, demure her gaze,  
But her classmates all agree—  
Put to the test, she'd come out best  
For sociability.

Whenever Peg's around,  
Her courtesy's fine to see:—  
And nowhere, I'll be bound,  
In Pelee or Crocker, a better talker  
Than she can e'er be found.

She makes friends, truth to tell,  
Where you and I, in agony,  
Would creep within our shell.  
This Puritan loves her fellow man—  
Fair Mistress Peg Pennell.



PERRY, ESTHER LILLIAN "Ted"  
Haverhill, Mass.

Y. W. C. A. Fine Arts.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Secretary of Junior Class.  
Treasurer of X. P. K.  
Stage Manager of Mid. Jr. Play.

"All good befortune you, and every day  
Some ray of golden light fall on your way."

If it's a clever, generous, attractive girl you're looking for—just hail "Ted." And famous! How could anyone be anything less upon having ploughed so successfully through chem., H. A. and innumerable other subjects? I wonder why the mail man is so good to "Ted"! Also do those frequent telephone calls from New York, resulting in such long serious conversations, have some deep, sinister meaning?

"Ted" is quite a musician, and when she sits down at the piano you may be certain that real music will follow.

The longer you know "Ted" the better you like her. She is one of whom any of us are proud to call friend.



PERRY, MABEL LOUISE  
Fall River, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.

"Tall, taller, tallest;  
Good, better, best."

When the class of 1921 entered F.N.S., Mabel joined our ranks and has won her way to our hearts. No matter how busy she is, she is always ready to lend a helping hand to those about her. Quiet though she may appear to be, she is full of good fun. She has many accomplishments of which only her most intimate friends are aware. The pretty work which she can do with her needle is a marvel to all. We wish her the very best of luck in her chosen profession of teaching.



# Framingham State Normal School

**PICKEN, EDITH MARION**

1240 Morton Street, Dorchester, Mass.

**"Spike"**

Fine Arts.

Y. W. C. A.

Lend-a-Hand.

Harvard Cheer Leader.

"What knowest thou of flowers, except  
To garnish meat with them."

Enter, Spike! DON'T forget the parsley! Canst hear her say it, A divisioners? Tripping the light fantastic into the kitchen with a sprig of parsley in her hand to decorate the meat, potato,—even her own interior. And speaking of things to eat, how about the ever present question,—"Any seconds?"

When it comes to doing things she is there with all her fine ability—from chem. charts and notebooks to posters, all so exquisitely done as to make her class mates green with envy, yet proud of her. Always well dressed, and ever ready to give advice as to what is the correct thing—that's Spike!



**PILLSBURY, RUTH ELIZABETH**

Amesbury, Mass.

**"Giggles"**

Y. W. C. A.

Fine Arts.

"To tease her is more darn fun!"

Let the vivacious eyes and smiling mouth serve as a keynote to Ruth's character. No one, for a minute doubts her success as a teacher. when once she uses her eyes to discipline those unruly children. With her quick energetic manner of doing things, no child will find time to seek that which "Satan has for idle hands to do." We wonder why Ruth shied at music, when her ability at rendering songs on time and in tune, was the envy of her classmates and the delight of her instructor. Is Ruth still looking for "sparrows"? We hope she'll find one, answering all requirements.



**POWERS, RUTH ESTELLE**

Framingham, Mass.

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

Glee Club.

Delegate to Silver Bay.

Student Volunteer.

"Never idle a moment but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

How does she find time for it all? She is always serving on some committee outside, as well as in school and whatever she undertakes is a success. If you don't know the psychology assignment, if you have forgotten to look up your current events, if you have studied hours on geography and have not succeeded in finding the answer to the first question, just ask Ruth. She can tell you. We think that Ruth's ambition will lead her as a missionary to some foreign land. Wherever she may go, surely success will await her.







**PRATT, MILDRED**  
 12 Cook Avenue, Chelsea, Mass.  
 Y. W. C. A.  
 Lend-a-Hand.  
 Fine Arts.

"Mealie"

"Far from the gay cities and ways of men."

Three short years ago when Mealie came to Framingham she was as green as the traditional Junior, but now—Oh, My! Three years of sub-"Deb"ing haven't been in vain. She may be quiet but we all know still waters run deep."

She's as dependable as a rock and much more comforting. Correcting Juniors' note books and mixing salutations are her specialty, except, perhaps, her interest in the South.

Whether it's been salting biscuit in Crocker or mixing H Cl in chem, she has never failed us. When opportunity knocks she'll answer with the same spirit.



**RANDALL, FRED A JEAN**  
 Pittsford, Vermont.

"Freed"

Fine Arts.  
 Lend-a-hand.  
 Middle Junior Play.

"There is only one way to be happy and that is to make somebody else so."

Here is a girl who has lived on Normal Hill for three years and how well she has found this saying true. Her list of friends is as long as she is tall—judge for yourself the length of the list. We do not think of Freda in any special line of work but as a good all around sport. We will admit that Massachusetts has a pretty fine set of girls, but here comes a girl from Vermont who tries to pull us out of that rut—and she does—to a certain extent. In the future she need not fear for the want of a job, her part in the Middle Junior Play shows us that she is capable of taking the part of a hero in any play.



**RAY, KATHERINE**  
 Hingham Centre, Mass.  
 Y. W. C. A.

"Kaye"

"Where the river is smoothest,  
 The water is deepest."

Kaye is one of the smallest girls in our class and also one of the cutest. She is all that represents a true friend and is always ready for a good time. Kaye's chief aim is to be ready to go anywhere ahead of time, and even in sewing she is always previous in picking up her work and suddenly disappears before the bell rings. Oh! Gosh! are the strongest words uttered from Kaye's lips and those not often. Though meek and quiet, she is full of fun and her blue eyes just laugh with joy. She is both capable and conscientious and her future is bound to be successful.

# Framingham State Normal School

**REED, ERMA HARRIET**  
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.

"I aim not to be wondrous wise,  
Only jolly in all folks eyes."

In 1919 Erma entered F.N.S. with the other members of the regular department and from that time forth she has been making friends with all her classmates. It would be difficult to say just what Erma's favorite pastime is—walking or playing tennis. Judging from the number of letters she receives and writes, she must be an interesting letter-writer. If you hear the exclamation, "By heek," you may be pretty sure that Erma is responsible. It is her ambition to teach in Reading next year and the "1921ers" wish her all success.



**REID, MARY JANE**

"Mary Jane"

Medford, Mass.  
Fine Arts.  
Delegate to Silver Bay.  
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

"What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult for others?"

Mary is another one of our quiet girls who never becomes very much excited, but she truly believes that "It takes all kinds to make a world," and goes along her way perfectly contented. Ten o'clock and what do we hear? Mary wandering from room to room visiting her friends and talking over tomorrow's lessons. Does she believe in hurrying? Not at all. She is as faithful with her studies as she is with her friends, and conscientious in all things. We feel sure that she will succeed and that only happiness and prosperity are before her.



**REYNOLDS, CHERRIA LUCEDA** "Cherry" "Chick"  
Malden, Mass.

Glee Club.  
Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Musical Echoes.  
Senior Prom Committee.

"The world belongs to the energetic."

Malden High School needs no other recommendation than the work Cherria has done since her first day here at F.N.S. From the very beginning she has been our honor pupil, excelling, not in one or two subjects, but in all. Studies aren't the only things in her head, however. Anything "Cherry" tackles, whether it be decorating for the Senior Prom or something else, goes "over the top." And just ask Rip if Cherria can't play as hard as she can work.

"Above thy head, thru rifted clouds there shines

A glorious star. Be patient! Trust thy star!"





RICE, HELEN T. "Ricey"  
16 Everett Street, Arlington, Mass

Y. W. C. A.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Canning.  
Minstrel Show.  
H. A. Statistician of Dial.  
Fine Arts.

"Originality consists quite as much in the power of using to purpose what it finds ready to hand as in that of producing what is absolutely new."  
—Lowell.

"Just look at that awful hat!"

All eyes in the direction of "that" hat—and you can be sure "Ricey" is right. Ricey and hats, the best pals ever. And her cleverness is not only shown in hats but anything and everything. Millinery, dress-making and hand-work only enable her to come out the star of her class.

When it comes to parties, good times or lending a hand—whom do we hunt for? Just the girl we're talking about. And we'd say—when Ricey tackles a thing—you'd better watch out!



RICHARDSON, ESTHER MAE  
Deerfield, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.

"Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none."

Picture a girl with pretty brown eyes and hair, an attractive smile and dimples, and you have Esther. She deserves yards of complimentary adjectives trailing after her name but she is especially noted for her good looks and the fact that she is one of the most democratic girls we have. She is a friend to everyone—in short, a most lovable girl. Her success in teaching is assured because she is so patient, sympathetic, and interesting. Her sunny disposition has won her many friends, who all join in wishing her all kinds of happiness and good fortune.



RIDEOUT, MARIE VELMA  
South Street, Raynham Center, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.

"To know her is to love her  
Love but her, and love forever."

Marie's chief characteristics are three: modesty, conscientiousness and skillfulness. Although she could easily win a prize for being the quietest girl in our class and is seldom seen leading any frivolous function, she is truly very popular among her classmates. She is always ready to do her share of anything, and surely does it well. Marie always appreciates good jokes, and you should see her eyes when she hears of one—it means a lot, you bet. Riding "Overland" in a car made in Toledo is some fun, isn't it, Marie?

Good luck, Marie!



# Framingham State Normal School

**RIGBY, AUGUSTA L.**  
Fall River, Mass.

**A'Kempis.**  
**Fine Arts.**

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Do you know "Gus"? Well I guess we do. When she first came to us we thought her nothing but a child for she was so small. But during our course of three years, we have found that "Gus" has always been there,—out for any sport going. Don't you remember how she did run at our last field day and won, too?

Nothing swerves Gus from her objective and when she teaches, I am sure she will be a success. She has proved that she can handle children in Milford whether teaching them their "R's" or H. A.

Gus dearly loves animals and is constantly thinking of their comfort, especially at meal time. Who, in B division, can forget her faithfulness to "Minnie Lillian" and "Thomas Elizabeth." When you are in need and it comes to wanting a friend, Gus is there.

"Gus"



**RIPLEY, ESTHER**  
South Easton, Mass.

**Y. W. C. A.**  
**Fine Arts.**

"Rip" and "Chick" are the twins

Of First West and Regular A

They aren't of an age;

They aren't of a size;

They don't look alike;

They don't act alike;

But when you see one

You see the other

The teachers mix them

The students mix them

And even "Rip" once signed herself "Esther Reynolds."

"To know her is to love her." Her many friends will testify to that. Those who have seen "Rip" with her first or fourth graders know she will make a teacher whom Framingham will be glad to count among her graduates.

"Rip"



**ROBERTS, MARIE**  
Hopkington, Mass.

**Fine Arts.**

"I must still go on; my mind rests not."

Have you seen Marie, one of the famous stone-throwers, walking up and down the corridor? You surely could not have overlooked her with those big brown eyes, behind which lie a store of knowledge, especially along the line of geography. And, by the way, geographical research is her favorite pastime. Is there anything in the paper for a geography discussion this morning, Marie?

Well, Marie, we think that F. N. S. has taught you one thing and that is to cook, especially when it comes to making "Junket."

She is one of the most conscientious girls in dear old F. N. S., and we are looking forward to a bright career for her. Best of success to you, Marie!"







**RYAN, JOSEPHINE LOUISE**  
113 Ward Street, Worcester, Mass.

"Jo"

A'Kempis.  
Fine Arts.  
Glee Club.

"Her memory long will live alone in all our hearts."

Yes, yes, sweet patootie, you know (puff) the aeroplane (puff) broke down (puff, puff) and I just couldn't get here any sooner. Hello, folks! Sing? Sure I'll sing. Then we sit back and hear Jo's deep, wonderful and glorious voice. You ought to hear her sing "Boy of Mine" and "Answer Me." F. N. S. wouldn't be F. N. S. to us without Jo and here's wishing her the best of luck for she is the jolliest, most good natured girl that ever lived."



**SCHWEPPE, FLORENCE IDA** "Flo" "Schweppe"  
South Deerfield, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Dial Staff.

"But to know her is to love her."

Picture to yourself a tall, dark-haired girl, with sparkling, brown eyes and lovely dimples. That's Florence. We can't quite understand why she is always in such a hurry to get home at vacation time. There must be some good reason. Whatever failings "Flo" may have along this line, she is right there with the fun. She surely can appreciate a joke and make everyone else do so (especially—"Climb the point"). She finds time to do school work, help someone else, do outside work and have fun as well.

Our best wishes go with her in her career as a teacher.



**SIMPSON, MILDRED ELIZABETH**  
Northborough, Mass.

Mildred, commonly known as "Millie," is one of the "never-to-be-forgotten-if-once-seen" girls. All the good things are "Perfectly wonderful" to "Millie." She is an industrious worker and is exceedingly happy when her pen is flying across the paper. If you need any geographical information, become acquainted with her. Outside of school most of her time is taken up by reading letters of apology and practicing Doner Method. She has gained a great deal from F.N.S. but one outstanding point of benefit to her was, that staying out after 12 o'clock was very bad for her. We all join in wishing her pleasure in whatever she undertakes.

# Framingham State Normal School

SLOANE, WINIFRED ELEANOR  
10 Ash Street, Spencer, Mass.

"Win"

Fine Arts.  
Glee Club.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
A'Kempis.  
Faculty Editor of Dial.

"It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest forever."

This introduces Win and she came to us—no one knew from where. But ask anyone now where Spencer is and she will answer—"Why, yes, Win Sloane comes from there." She is a good sport, and as an imitator she wins the cork anchor to use when the white caps roll; one of her "take offs" being, "Oh, these little cookies I think they're so nice."

Seriously, Win succeeded in her practice teaching as few of us have because she introduced her home town to a rare course in Domestic Science and in years to come when we speak of her we shall add with a touch of pride—"I used to go to school with Win Sloane."



SMITH, HAZEL A.  
37 Claflin Road, Brookline, Mass.  
Glee Club.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.

"Much mirth and no madness,  
All good and no badness,  
So joyously,  
So maidenly,  
So womanly,  
Her demeaning."

Here is a girl with a smile for "everyone." "My, Gosh! I couldn't help but laugh." So Hazel goes through life. Anyone of curious nature should choose Hazel as a friend, as she is willing to ask questions of anyone. However, she limits them mostly to engaged girls. I wonder why? Hazel's chief ambition is to be personal messenger for the fish department in Quincy Market, her route being along Tremont and Boylston Streets as far as Park Square. Prompt deliveries guaranteed. But, HURRY, here comes our hero.



SPRAGUE, DORA C.,  
21 Mountain Avenue, Cliftondale, Mass.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Silver Bay Delegate.  
Lend-a-Hand Vice-President.  
Fine Arts Treasurer.

The blessings of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew;  
And good thoughts, where her foot steps  
pressed,  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Dora is a quiet, demure, little girl who sure does hate to get up in the morning. She would miss her breakfast any day for an extra hour of sleep. When Dora does get up she is wide awake and we all listen when she talks. If you don't know where to find anything or a poor Junior needs help in chemistry, Dora is right there, willing to help.





**STANDISH, ROSE**  
Wrentham, Mass.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Glee Club.

"Rhody"

"A friend in need is a friend indeed"  
So the old adage goes  
This girl is a friend indeed  
For a friend in need is Rose.

One of the members of our F. N. S. banquet is Rose. She is a jolly good sport, and life ceases to be a dull gray affair when Rose makes her appearance. Now, list 'till we tell you! Rose has talent! She has shown it in many classes but especially in drawing. Her mind also has a very scientific trend. We are glad to have had "Rhody" with us these two years and we wish her the best of luck and prosperity.



**STILES, CHARLOTTE**  
223 Davies Street, Greenfield, Mass.

"Charlie" "Charl"

Canning.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.  
Middle Junior Play.  
Business Manager of Dial.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Doesn't that just suit Charlotte,—kind and gentle to whomever she meets, (no matter how old or deaf.)

Well, who said Charlotte wouldn't make a good teacher! And as an adviser, she's the best ever. Charl's a heavy sleeper, and it takes a good pulling to wake her up, so they say. But when she's awake though the last to start, she always "gets there." Once in a while the Greenfield train is late—probably that's why she always gets it.

We all wish her the best of luck, whether single or married. The question is, will she teach a year.



**STONE, ALICE MARY**  
Millbury, Mass.

"Stony"

Fine Arts.  
A'Kempis.  
Canning.

"If you want to be safe, be silent, as silence never betrays you."

Yes, it's true, and you all must agree that although Alice has not grown very tall during her three years at F. N. S. she has gained considerable knowledge of things in general; mostly the "—ologies." It would be difficult to find a more conscientious worker whether at studies or in house practice. She first distinguished herself as an eloquent French scholar, and at the last minute before many a recitation was called upon to help some poor soul in pronunciation.

We are sure, Alice, you will succeed.



# Framingham State Normal School

**SULLIVAN, FRANCES MAE**  
Fall River, Mass.

Fine Arts.

"Come and trip it as ye go,  
On the light fantastic toe."

Someone left the door of Framingham Normal open in 1919 and "Fran" blew in. Fran is a live wire in the school for wherever she is, there is sure to be something doing. Out-door sports are quite attractive to "Fran" but dancing seems to be her specialty. By the number of programs she brought into the English class one day, we think she must enjoy Musical Comedies. But these are not the only things which occupy her mind for "Fran" although not terribly studious has made a good record. May success be yours, "Fran"!

"Fran"



**SULLIVAN, HELEN M.**  
New Bedford, Mass.

A'Kempis (1, 2, 3).  
Fine Arts (3)

"There are persons so radiant, so genial, so kind, so pleasure-bearing that you instinctly feel in their presence that they do you good."

Since Helen has been in Framingham she has shown marked ability along the line of planning and organizing interesting and original entertainments. Who will ever forget that splendid May Carnival? Helen is especially interested in Recreational Work and has done excellent work in Playgrounds for several summers. She is a lover of books and is never so happy as when she is reading or out walking in search of flowers. Here's luck to you, Helen, in your future work which we know will be a success.



**SULLIVAN, KATHERYN A.**  
New Bedford, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
A'Kempis Club.

"There is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lillies grow."

To be a good mixer as well as a good "sport" may be called Kay's principle. She upholds it to the utmost. Who could be more sympathetic and more comforting than Kay? The feeling of contentment predominates when she is present. "The poor dear child" is her favorite expression and always issues forth from her very heart. Does not that alone clearly manifest "Kay's" regard for everyone? We hope that her influence over her future pupils will be so strong that we may find many more with her disposition and sweetness.

"Kay"







**SULLIVAN, LOUISE NAY**

Dedham, Mass.

A'Kempis.  
Fine Arts.

"Serene and resolute and still  
And calm and self possessed."

Louise hails from Dedham. She seems to enjoy the week days at F.N.S., but when it comes to Friday, we find Room 13 vacant. We all wonder what the attraction is in Dead-ham! During her two years here Louise really stayed two week-ends with us, during which time we think she must have prepared her teaching lesson in drawing.

We are confident that she will be a favorite with all her class. Here's wishing you the best of success, Louise.



**SUMNER, GERTRUDE A.**

Canton, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.

"Work while you work,  
Play while you pay,  
That is the way  
To be happy and gay."

We could tell at first glance that "Gert" was cut out to be a teacher, not the "schoolmaam" type, but just a firm, kind teacher. When she says a thing and sets her jaw, we never argue, 'cause Gert means what she says, and says what she means. One indispensable part of Gert is her sense of humor, for which we all know her, and which helps her over the "bumps" in life. Gert is also very athletic for we often see her riding a "bucking bronco" up Worcester Road.

"Gert"



**SUTTON, MABEL FLORENCE**

82 Shawmut Street, Fall River, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.

"Not to the swift is the race"

Speed isn't exactly Mabel's strongest point but she always gets there. There is nothing radically wrong when she gets her sewing in a few days late because it is done in her usual conscientious way. Mabel has a wonderful sense of humor. She considers a joke on herself as good as one on anyone else! She never thinks of herself first and in fact is always thoughtful, excepting in lapses of absent mindedness, when she leaves certain articles on first floor. We all wonder why she is so anxious to go home to Fall River every week end. A mysterious mystery!

# Framingham State Normal School

**SWARTZ, GERTRUDE A.**  
Newton, Mass.

"Gert"

Harvard Basket Ball, 1920, 1921.  
Fine Arts Club.

"It's the song ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,  
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere."

Of all the dearest and "bestest" little girls at Normal, "Gert" certainly ranks foremost in all our hearts. Her sweet unassuming manner, her attractive personality, and her sympathetic insight has a charm for her scores of friends and admirers. "Gert" is also one of the brightest and most enthusiastic members of our Regular Course. Because of her wonderful characteristics "Gert" will certainly make a most adorable and successful teacher for the kiddies. We can certainly congratulate Newton High for sending us such a fine representative.



**TARR, ISABEL FRANKLIN**  
14½ Lookout Street, Gloucester, Mass.

"Ibbie"

Y.W.C.A. Cabinet. Class Day Committee.  
Lend-a-Hand Secretay. Girl Scouts.  
Silver Bay Delegate. Fine Arts.  
Glee Club Pianist.  
Orchestra Secretary and Treasurer.  
Mandolin Club Secretary and Treasurer.  
Harvard Toastmistress.  
Middle Junior Dance Committee.  
Senior Dance Committee.

"'Tis the music that you make, and the  
smiles you wear, that scatters the sunshine  
everywhere."

One of Ibbie's hardest tasks was to start the day right by getting up to breakfast, but one in which she excelled was that of extricating herself from such a predicament as handling two men for one "prom." Her effort and skill in the musical clubs has helped to make them most successful. Stunt, show, chapel, concert or dance would seem incomplete without Ibbie. Her willingness to play anytime added a charm to her already accomplished art. As a classmate and friend we will always remember Ibbie as the girl with a smile that wins.



**THOMPSON, BERTHA A.**  
Halifax, Mass.

"Bat"

Y. W. C. A. Canning  
Lend-a-Hand. X. P. K. Staff  
Fine Arts.  
Minstrel Show.  
Treasurer of Junior Class.

"Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all

That happiness and prime can happy call."

Bat comes from Halifax. Know where it is? Well, we didn't until we knew Bat, but we sure know now. Kind of a girl?—The only kind you want for a friend—good-natured—a good sport—and always ready and willing to help a "fellar." Worry and Bat never go together. She needs no assistance from "Mr. Worry" to do and do well the many things of which she is capable. Even the janitor at Dedham can vouch for her success as a cooking teacher. And who dares say it didn't take courage to start off by "moonlight" for "Practice School."

As for her giggle and her Bill. WHY the giggle and WHY the Bill?





**THOMPSON, MARGARET ANNE**  
Brookline, Mass.

A'Kempis.

"In all things mindful not of herself.  
But bearing the burden of others."

How is it, girls, that Margaret knows the correct answers to all Miss Greenough's questions? Well, we're not surprised that we cannot tell, for Margaret is an unfathomable person anyway. She has a way of making everyone fear and love her at the same time. But does B division ever get together for a social hour without depending on her for a good laugh? Dry humor? That's it. We have no doubt as to Margaret's ability to take any class, adapt it to her theories of discipline and interest, and make a success of it.



**TWOMBLY, PRISCILLA**  
Reading, Mass.

"Gil"

Y. W. C. A.  
Treasurer Fine Arts Club.  
Business Manager Middle Junior Play.  
Manager Senior Play. Lend-a-Hand.  
Chairman Red Cross Seal Drive.

"Love me, love my dog."

Anyone who knows Priscilla feels personally benefitted by having her as a friend. Her cheerful spirit coupled with an ability for hard work have made her popular on the hill. She came forward in the Middle Junior year and proved her remarkable power of management in the capacity of business manager of our play. Secretly, we suspect that this ability may be inherited from a certain non-distant relative—an editor of a "weekly" who is inclined towards sending compliments to our class in the form of perhaps 400 programmes, dance orders, etc.

One of her accomplishments is playing the piano, and she can handle any type—square or upright—her favorite selection being, "After you get what you want, you don't want it."

Whatever line of work Priscilla undertakes, with the same energy and perseverance that she has shown at Framingham, we feel sure of her success.



**TYLER, ELEANOR FRANCES**  
Auburndale, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.

"Oh, who can forget her welcoming smile  
Her eyes o'er brimming with joy the while."

Who will not remember the light-haired, sunny-faced girl who came from Weston each day to take up her work at Framingham? She is ever ready to lend a hand in fun-making. Perhaps Eleanor will teach history. Many a time she has surprised us by answering questions which we had concluded were unanswerable. She is conscientious in all her studies. Her motto is, "Work before play" and well does she live up to it.



# Framingham State Normal School

**UMLAH, GLADYS**

Brookline, Mass.

Fine Arts (2).

A'Kempis (2).

Orchestra (2).

"Happy am I, from care I'm free

Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Oh! really! Yes, it is really "Glad." "Glad" is a prominent member of Division C. For one whole year she commuted every day from Brookline but this year she has been entrusted to us. Everybody who knows "Glad" the least, knows her as a good sport, always game for any kind of a stunt, from teaching an eighth grade, to horse-back riding. "Glad" is proficient in tennis, swimming, canoeing, and dancing. Her winning smile has gained for her many friends who wish her the best of luck in her teaching career.

"Glad" "Gladdie"



**VOLKMAN, AGNES CAROLINE**

57 North Summer Street, Adams, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.

Fine Arts.

"I am never less alone than when by myself."

Here is one of our quiet girls, but sometimes appearances are deceiving. Hearts have been known to flutter when she smiles. With what end in view does she practice so religiously the art of "gracious hostess"? Perhaps it's for that home of her own out in her beloved Berkshires. She manages to live through week ends here on remembrances of her last trip back there.

"Carol"



**WALMSLEY, GLADYS N.**

1039 Plymouth Avenue, Fall River, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.

Lend-a-Hand.

X. P. K.

Canning School.

Senior Prom. Committee.

"Cheerfulness is the heaven under which everything thrives."

Wanted: A good tennis player to compete with Gladys Walmsley. Glad is very athletic and fond of all kinds of sports, both indoor and outdoor. She has one accomplishment which few of us possess and no one would guess under ordinary circumstances—she has a voice as powerful as her athletic ability. You have to go a long way to find a girl like her but it won't take you long to get acquainted, for Glad is of the sociable kind, and entertaining. When it comes to good sportsmanship we look to Glad, who is always ready to entertain and do her part.

"Glad"







WATTS, MARGUERITE MARION  
Waltham, Mass.

"Faithful"

Y. W. C. A.

"A maid of quiet ways,  
A student of old books and days."

How many of us have not gone over to school at any hour of the day and seen Marion bending over a pile of books? If you have, then you already know "Faithful," the most conscientious girl of Division B. We all admire her courage and industry, when it comes to getting up at four in the morning, to study. If she works as hard in the future as she has in the past it won't be long before the realization of her ambition—namely—to become an expert in one line of work.

We all wish you success in your chosen field of work, Marion.



WESTON, ELLA  
Somerville, Mass.

Fine Arts.  
Y. W. C. A.

"Her laughing cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life."

Here is Ella, the only Ella Framingham contains. Everyone admits her a good sport and lots of fun. She isn't at all obtrusive, nor could you call her quiet. She's just a happy medium. Ella likes nothing better than to be curled up in a comfortable chair, reading an interesting novel. Much credit is due her for the sandwiches which she made and sold for our "Senior Prom." Ella is not especially studious, but considering her sweet, sympathetic nature, there is no doubt as to her unqualified success as a teacher. Good luck to you, Ella!



WINCHENBACH, DOROTHY L.  
Framingham, Mass.

"Dot"

A'Kempis.

"Hang work! Care would kill a cat!  
Therefore, let's be merry."

'Tis often said that every picture tells a story, but this of Dot's doesn't, in fact, none ever printed of her justly could. One has to hear her brilliant recitation, (which has never been given a thought before she enters class) and see how jolly and carefree she remains, no matter what comes or goes, to realize just how cheerful she really is. Then one becomes aware of the fact that optimism is her middle name. Her "apparent aim in life is to catch the 8.45 car for school—for her "real" aim, ask "Gert" Coffey.

# Framingham State Normal School

WING, GERTRUDE FRANCIS  
Bourne, Mass.

"Wingie"

Y. W. C. A.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Fine Arts.  
Harvard Basket Ball Team.  
Assistant Editor of Dial.  
Girl Scouts.  
Orchestra.

"She is a jolly good girl and liked right well by all."

I have heard it said that "innocence is a virtue" and that only a few possess it. One might think that Wingie possesses that virtue, but that naughty twinkle in her eye gives her away. If you don't know her well, there is a big surprise in store for you. There are no such good times to "Wingie" as the good times that she has down on the Cape. She surely has made a success of her club work—everyone knows that. Not only in club work, but in everything she does, she is thorough and exact. If there is anything to be done "Wingie" is there to do it. Wherever you may go, or whatever you may do, Wingie, the best wishes of the class go with you.



WOLF, HAZEL F.  
Somerville, Mass.

Fine Arts.

"What's in a name! That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet."

Our Hazel is a quiet, modest, little girl, with a pleasing personality that wins our sincere admiration. However, she knows what fun is and also knows when she must stop. One of the lasting things that she has done, and that which served as a wonderful example to all, was to keep her room in super-perfect order. We can never imagine stray papers on the floor in her schoolroom. Hazel's one ambition is to do the right thing at the right time. We know that she will realize this ambition and that wherever she goes she will be greatly appreciated.



WOOD, DORIS  
Middleboro, Mass.

"Woodie"

Y. W. C. A.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Fine Arts.  
Canning.

"Intent upon her destined course."

Sputter, sputter, bang! What is it? Just Doris Wood of Middleboro—who's boys and girls got a prize in Springfield. She usually goes off like a bunch of fireworks when things get complicated, but it only seems to be her way of getting up steam to go "over the top". For over the top she goes in everything she sets out to do.

As for her favorite expressions, she makes them up to fit the occasion; positive, comparative, superlative!

Woodie, we know you'll always succeed with all your potent energy.





WOOD, MARGARET ESTHER "Peg" "Beatrice"  
382 Main Street, Everett, Mass.

Canning.  
Lend-a-Hand.  
Y. W. C. A.

Perhaps it is for her fondness  
Of the ocean and its calmness,  
The habit may call for a fee  
Because of the saying, "do you 'sea'?"  
Now Peg discovered a flashlight  
In which she takes great delight.  
It gives her illumination  
To some abomination.  
"Peg" is surely hard to awake,  
It takes a shout and many a shake  
To get her up to look at the clock,  
But you'll notice she's always on dock.  
Her willingness to help others  
Around her forever hovers.  
Her laughter is sure always there  
To chase away many a care.



WOODMAN, HAZEL "Chubbie"  
8 High Street, Westboro, Mass.

Lend-a-Hand.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.

"Never mind trifles—Care killed a cat!"

Did you hear that laugh? That's Chubbie, one of the best natured girls in our class, and who ever heard her say anything about anybody—except that she would like to "hrain" them. Of course she doesn't mean it literally, just in her good natured way.

And did anyone ever hear her talk about doing note books, charts, etc. She just gets busy and does things in her quiet and efficient way, and when they are done she doesn't worry about them.

Funny—she doesn't seem to enjoy weekends at F. N. S. Even her best friends are still kept guessing as to what the strong attraction is that draws her homeward on Friday and keeps her there until Monday. Perhaps it's just because it's so near.

Here's good luck to you, Chubbie, and success in whatever you attempt next year.



WOODWARD, HARRIET MAY "Harry"  
Framingham Road, Marlboro, Mass.

Canning.  
Y. W. C. A.  
Fine Arts.

"True happiness  
Consists not in the multitude of friends  
But in the worth and choice."  
"I've got some eats over in my room!" With that nine o'clock is sure to find "Harry" wending her way through the tunnel "eat-ward." She can do other things besides eat though for just look at this for a record breaker—85 cans of tomatoes in one day. She and her rummy live together quite amicably as long as Harriet keeps her half of the room in order. She is not athletic, neither is she skilled in terpsichorian art, but she can, on occasions grace a dance or a tennis court. We know she will make good in the teaching profession.



WRIGLEY, DOROTHY I.  
 "Dot" "Wrig" "Sunshine"

Haverhill, Mass.

Y. W. C. A.  
 Fine Arts.

"She may look serious  
 And she may look shy,  
 But she's full of it  
 Twix't you and I."

7.25 A. M. "Say, Wrig! Time to get up."

7.30 A. M. A slide down the hall—Wrig's ready. Who but Dot could do this?

Dot is a "star" in sewing, and has very decided ideas of her own, but they are good. When in trouble we all go to her for advice.

Wednesday night—Oh, Sweet Magnolia Blossom, Textile note books are due and mine is not started. Guess I'd better get busy. And is it in on time? Certainly!

Wrig isn't exactly a man-hater. One look into those roguish eyes will tell you frankly that. Ask Percy. Is that his name? Member the blue room, "Dot"? Well, don't get blue after you leave your friends at F. N. S.



YOKEN, ESTHER JESSIE,  
 871 Second Street, Fall River, Mass. "Es"

Fine Arts.  
 Girl Scouts.

"Her good nature is like the sunshine  
 Shedding brightness everywhere."

Have you heard that expression—"Teachers are born, not made?" Well here is Esther, a born teacher. We never feel uneasy when we happen to go to class unprepared, for Esther always saves the situation by being ready with the correct answer. We are sure she will make an excellent teacher in any grade. Did you ever hear "Es" complain or show any signs of feeling "out of sorts?" Well, we should say not! She is always cheering up someone else and helping lighten other people's burdens. Her whole-hearted devotion to others, will surely make her a success in teaching.





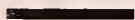
*In Memoriam*

MADELINE M. JONES

74 Pleasant Street

Mansfield, Mass.

Died January 21, 1919



GERTRUDE E. JACOBSON

19 Pearl Street

Fall River, Mass.

Died October 8, 1918

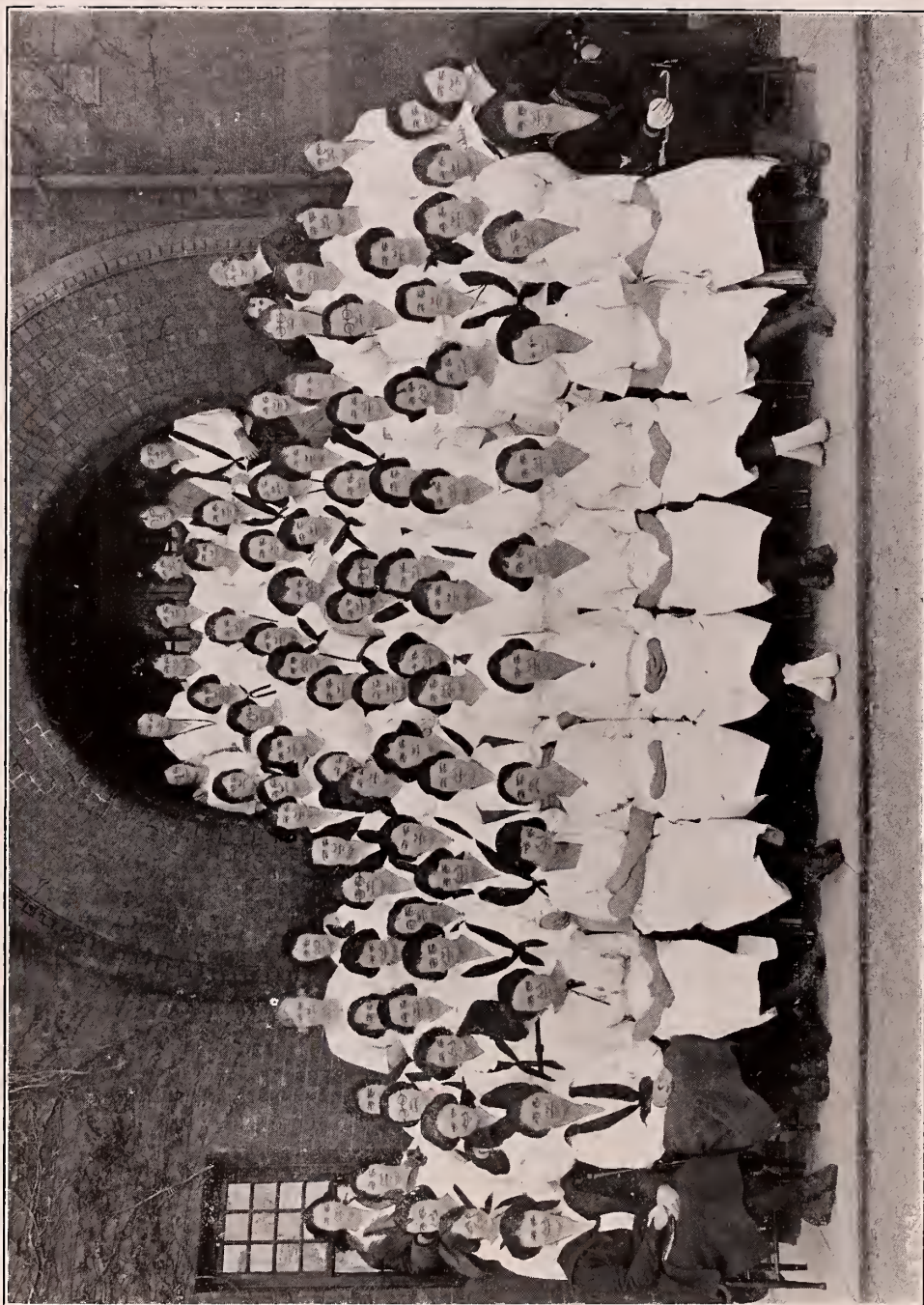


KATHRYN DORGAN  
ELIZABETH KILLIGREW  
MADELINE McDONALD  
MRS. ELIZABETH MEEK  
MRS. AGNES DALTON  
MARION McCARTHY

## Special Students

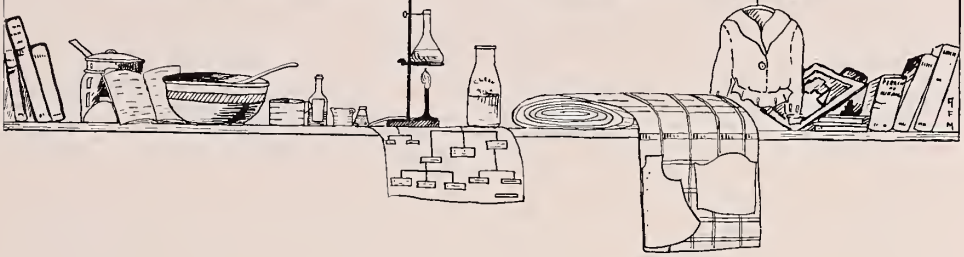
Last fall, when we came back to school, we beheld mysterious people darting in and out of our class rooms. No one could tell us who these people were, as they silently appeared in Junior, Middle Junior and Senior classes. We later learned that these were "Special" students, who were making sewing their "specialty." One would find them at any hour in the day busily occupied in the Sewing Department.

We have but one regret, and that is, that we could only enjoy their company but one short year. We always found the "specials" good sports and ready to take part in any fun and frolic. Here's to them all and may they have the best of luck in their undertaking!





# MIDDLE JUNIORS



Did it seem possible that the Middle Junior year for the H. A. Juniors would ever appear? At last it did come in September, 1920. We found ourselves embodied with that F. N. S. spirit of cheerfulness and good will, and we were ready to plunge in with vigor and hopefulness for a successful year.

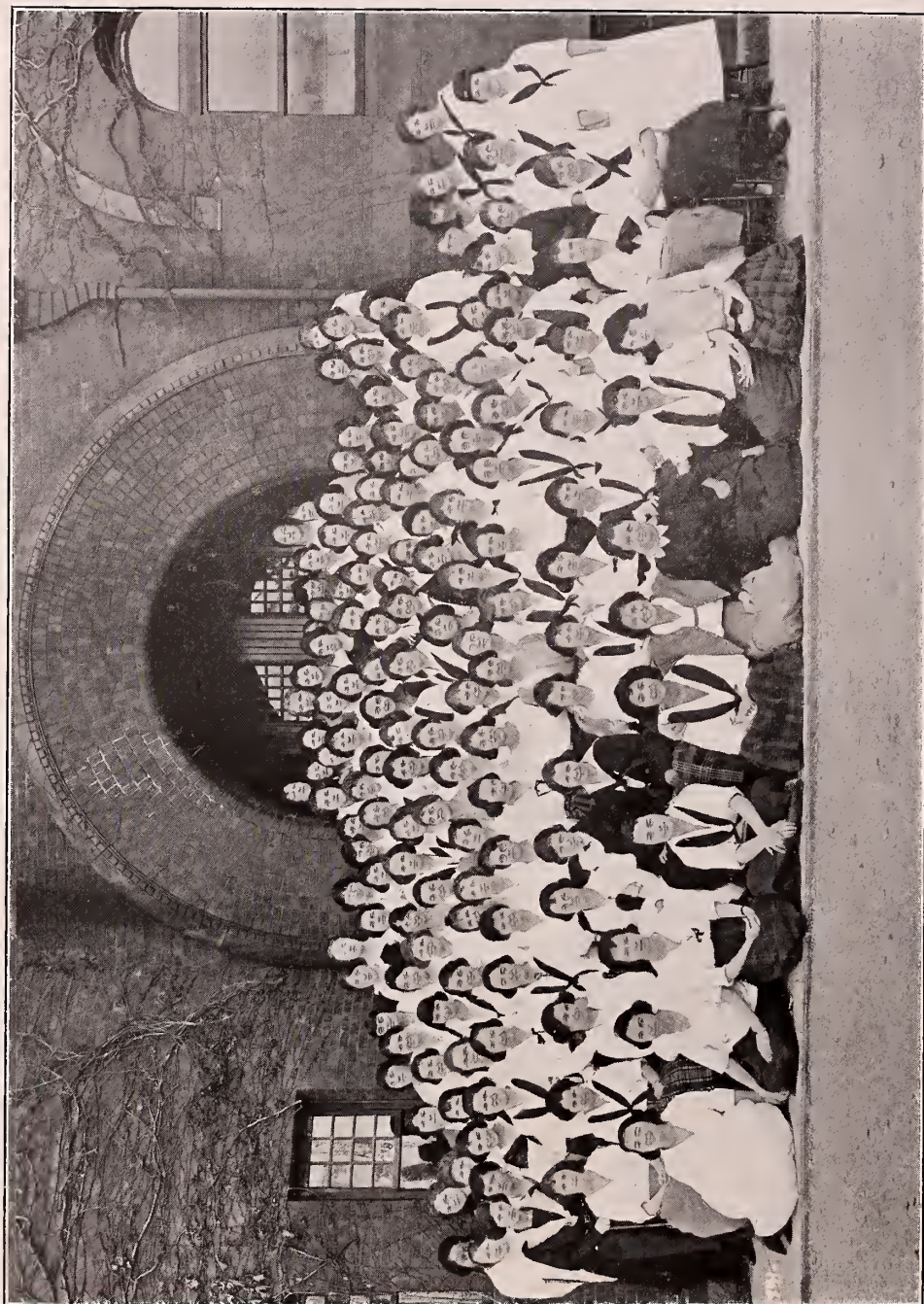
It did not take long to get down to business, especially after our class meeting and we had Eirene Wheeler as our President. One of our first pleasures was to show our friendliness and hospitality to the new girls. And we enjoyed serving tea to the Faculty and Juniors in the X. P. K. Will we ever forget that Hallowe'en Party our class had down in that secluded place, the laundry? The shrieks and thrills still ring in our ears and we recall those frightful witches and demons.

Now comes the real thing! February the 5th was on its way bringing with it the joys of our dance. Marvelous preparations were being made and before we realized it, the men had arrived and we were dancing in that wonderfully decorated hall. The atmosphere was filled with happiness and joy. Can't you just see that hall now with its snow scenes, icicles, forests, stone walls, snow forts, and colored lights? Don't forget our snow-man who stood guard over in the corner. Soon the last dance came, but it certainly was enjoyed with its dim lights, and snow storms within and its red torches at the windows from the outside.

Owing to starvation in the Near East our class had a campaign to raise funds to help this situation. There was a liberal offering received and we are glad that we could do our bit. We are now contributing to Armenia in the same way.

April 22nd we give our class play: "The Little Gray Lady." We are pleased with the progress thus far and know it will be a success. The last days of this year are drawing nigh, and we can all say that we are looking forward to another year at dear old F. N. S.







The Juniors this year had the honor of being the first to enter the new dormitory, September 14. Although Horace Mann Hall was far from completed, everyone made the best of it and enjoyed the first few weeks at school in spite of the fact that such important articles as desks, etc., were missing for awhile. When the building was finally finished, it was appreciated ever so much more.

On Wednesday, September 15, classes began. A busy period followed while everyone was getting used to the new work. At one of the first class meetings, the class was organized with the following as its officers—President, Madeleine Stephenson; Vice President, Miriam Washburn; Treasurer, Helen Morton; Secretary, Helen Snell.

Among the many things that made the new life here pleasant was the party given the Juniors by the upperclass girls on the first Friday night at school. They not only gave us a good time but helped us to get acquainted with everyone. Then followed the faculty reception and teas given to the Regular and H. A. girls by the Middle Juniors, the Hallowe'en party, and to top all, just before we left for our Thanksgiving holidays, the Harvard and Yale game which everyone enjoyed very much.

We were hardly back from the Thanksgiving vacation when we were getting ready to leave for the Christmas holidays. The night before we left, there was a Christmas party given to the whole school, which no one will forget.

With the coming of spring, we are planning to give a party to the upper-classes and are looking forward to a successful close of the year.



## History of the Regular Seniors

Where: A private home in Boston.

When: June, 1926.

Who: A group of five or six girls, graduates of the class of 1921 of Framingham Normal School are talking excitedly and laughing heartily from time to time. For convenience sake they will be designated as Patricia, (Pat for short), Vivian (Viv for short), Rosalie, Agnes and Martha.

"Hello! Martha! hello! hello! We are so glad to see you. What made you so late? Never mind, we are sure glad to see you now anyway. I am tickled to pieces to think you could come. It will be so jolly with you here. You are looking fine and happy as a kitten. My! but I'm glad to see you," greeted Martha as she burst into the big living room where four girls were arranged around the blazing fire in the fire-place. Before she had time to say a word they had removed her wraps and she was seated in the circle about the fire. After many questions, the five girls were at last comfortably settled in their easy chairs. During an hour this conversation followed:

"Oh! girls, I can't help wishing sometimes, that I were back at F. N. S. even though I love teaching," sighed Agnes.

"Them's my sentiments exactly," said Pat.

"Well, who wouldn't feel that way, I wonder? It is such a wonderful place. I have never been sorry I went. But I wouldn't want to live some parts of it over again. Now, honestly, would you, girls?"—this from Rosalie.

"No, I wouldn't want to,—especially the first few days. If I didn't feel out of place and unnecessary then, no one ever did. Goodness! it was like a Chinese puzzle to try and find your way around the place, and seeing so many new people fairly dazed me," said Martha.

"Yes, it is hard to go into a new place and get acquainted with so many strange folks, I'll admit. I remember the first day at school. I felt about like the funny pictures of 'When a Feller Needs a Friend' but—"

"Did you ever feel that way after that?" interposed Pat, laughingly.

(Girls laugh.)

"I should say I did, many times. I guess I wasn't the only one, either."

"It was nice that each one of us had a Senior to help us through all our trials. They were a dandy bunch and it really didn't take us long to get into the ways of the school after all. We felt quite at home in a few days," added Rosalie.

"I'll never forget how Viv and I were late for Chapel the first morning. We had to go down to the second row from the front while every one was standing up, singing the hymn. We had a good view of the faculty and I can remember how we remarked what a pleasant looking group they were," said Martha.

"And that night we sat with our Seniors at dinner. It seemed as though we couldn't hear ourselves think among that multitude of girls, laughing and talking."

"Your telling of being late to Chapel reminds me of how I floated in to a Senior recitation that first morning, sat down, and didn't realize I was in the right church but the wrong pew until a tall man began to call the roll," confessed Pat.

(Laugh from the girls.)

"Well, the first few days were certainly busy ones—getting acquainted, unpacking our trunks (if they happened to get there), fixing our rooms and studying hard so as to make a good first impression," said Agnes.

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"How about the first few weeks? I remember the first week we had a 'Get-Acquainted Party.' The Juniors were dressed as little girls and the Seniors as boys. Each Junior had a number that corresponded with the number of some Senior who took her to the party. It was great fun. And then, shortly after we had the reception given by the Seniors to the Faculty and Juniors. What a formal affair that was, but a jolly one, too. We met Dr. and Mrs. Chalmers and several of the teachers, had refreshments, and came away feeling more a part of F. N. S. than before," said Rosalie.

"Yes, those two affairs were very pleasant and October 12th came before we could realize that nearly a month had passed. Then we all went home and told of our wonderful F. N. S. Nothing could compare with it in our minds," added Viv.

"I know it. I was enthusiastic over the place from the very first day I was there," said Rosalie.

"So was I. There is such an unusual spirit in the school, and—"

"Oh! girls, will you ever forget the Harvard and Yale game? How we used to have cheer practice nights after school and everybody was all excited about it? Then the day before the real game we had a sub-team game and Yale won. 'Three cheers for old Eli!!!' " shouted Pat.

"Three cheers for Harvard!" from Agnes, Rosalie and Martha.

"Ha! ha! It's three against two in this game. Never mind if Yale did win the sub-team game. Who won the real game? Harvard!" said Martha, at the top of her voice; and Agnes and Rosalie joined in with "Harvard, you bet, Harvard of course," after which the two noble supporters of Yale lustily sang: "Oh! Yale's the Only Team, etc."

(Girls cheer and laugh.)

"What do we care who beat the first year? The Yales showed the Harvards a wonderful game the next year, didn't they, Viv?" laughed Pat.

"Well, we are even, then," said Agnes, "and let's not quarrel about that any more."

"The Harvard and Yale game came just before Thanksgiving, didn't it?" questioned Rosalie.

"Yes, and then we went home for Thanksgiving in the drizzling rain," said Agnes.

"Well, you have got a good memory," flattered Martha.

"I can't remember whether it rained or not. I only know I was glad to see home and mother once more, and I thought, 'Well, it's only three weeks now before Christmas.'"

"And, sure enough, Christmas came as it always does on December 25th. Before we went home we had a dandy Christmas party in the dining hall. The orchestra played and everyone hit her glass with her fork in time to the music 'Oh! I'm from Dixie,' or some such thing. Oh! it was great," said Pat.

"Then we went home for two whole weeks, but—"

"Oh! do you remember how we used to go down to the practice school to observe? We saw some dandy lessons, too," said Viv.

"Yes, especially the one in the seventh grade where they were talking about Zuyder Zee and one little boy said it was something to drink," added Pat.

(Girls laugh heartily.)

"Yes, that was the funniest thing! I remember how enthusiastic we felt over teaching, after we came from there. We used to think: 'My, if I could only



teach half as well as she does, I would be satisfied.' It was a grand and glorious feeling."

"I can't seem to remember much about what happened after Christmas, can you, Agnes?" asked Viv.

"Why, yes, don't you remember some delegates went to the Des Moines conference and they each told us something about it after we came back from Christmas vacation? Then, pretty soon after, came the spectacular event of the laying of the corner stone of Horace Mann Hall—"

"Oh! yes!" from the other girls.

"My word! you are a regular walking diary. Keep it up," said Pat.

"I love to reminisce," said Agnes.

"That's fine. We love to have you," Pat assured her.

"Well, I'll rave on, then. That winter was awful. We had mountains of snow. The cars couldn't move. Nothing else could! Even the teachers couldn't get there. And, believe me, sometimes it was no joke for the poor girls living in outside houses to wade up on the hill. Oh! February 14th—the Middle Junior dance! Remember us poor mortals peering interestedly in the windows that cold night watching the dance. We talked about all the pretty dresses and about the men, good-looking and otherwise. Yes, and soon after that we had a two weeks' vacation—the last of February and the first of March. We were given a week in which to observe in different schools. That was heaps of fun. Let me see, we had another vacation April 23rd. Yes, the night before that there was the M. I. T. Glee Club concert. That was splendid and don't you remember after vacation, about the middle of May, the Middle Juniors gave their play, "Eliza Comes to Stay?"—and Agnes stopped to get breath.

"I guess we do remember that. It was the best play ever," said Viv.

"Yes, it was," agreed the rest.

"Oh! Happy thought! About the middle of June we went home for the summer vacation. Our first year had flown and we were trying to imagine ourselves as Seniors the next September," finished Agnes.

"Say, girls, wasn't that good? I love to have it all brought back to my mind again," said Rosalie.

"Yes. This is the first part I can remember, too. In between all these jolly times we were working like Trojans. Place name tests in geography, bird walks, special topics, lesson plans, and making dresses gave us plenty to do," said Pat.

"Sure, that's taken for granted. You can't get out of studying at Framingham," agreed Martha. ..

"But there's just enough fun mixed in," said Viv.

"Well, girlies, we've lived the first year over in our thoughts. Come with me back to September 15th, 1920," said Agnes.

"Nothing in the world would please us more," remarked Pat.

"Ah me! we were grave and dignified Seniors and—"

"No one would have known it, though," suggested Pat.

"She means in name but not in actions," explained Martha.

"And, oh! weren't we glad to be back—" said Rosalie, "No one who hasn't experienced it can imagine how delighted one is to come back to school and see all the girls again."

"And wasn't it fun to see and get acquainted with all the new girls? They were a good crowd, too," said Viv.

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"Don't worry, anyone who goes to F. N. S. is all right. What do you say?"—from Martha.

"You've said it," Viv laughed.

"Unanimously agreed," said Pat.

"Who could forget that first morning at Chapel? Our fate was in the balance. We were anxiously waiting to hear the list of Division A girls read and know if we would go out teaching the very next day. Thrills and heart throbs! The most exciting moment of the whole year—"

"Unless it was waiting to meet the car that should bring the man to the man dance," said Pat.

"Yes, I nearly collapsed that morning when I heard my name read," said Rosalie, "but teaching was lots of fun! We had the chance to see if some of our pet plans would really work out. I think every one of us liked it and didn't we feel quite important, especially when we went substituting and had to manage a whole room full of little imps all by ourselves?"

"You bet! Practice teaching was the best fun yet. Remember the day I went over to Sudbury to substitute? I found myself six miles from the right place—and from anywhere else, I guess,—about 8:30 in the morning. Then I had to get a Ford to take me to the school. When I got there, the cupboard was bare. (To be exact, the stove was empty). The teacher hadn't left any programme either. I can just see myself now, trying to teach that school and shoveling coal into that obstinate old stove between classes. That was real work," said Martha.

"The trials and tribulations of a school ma'am were no dream to you, were they?" questioned Pat.

"Oh! Agnes, tell us about the rest of that year. You have such a wonderful memory! I have very vague recollections of that year. I seem to remember my Junior year better. The only part of my Senior year I can remember was the practice teaching," said Viv.

"All right. I'll do my best for you. I am sure that it will all come back to you when I tell of it. You funny girls, can't you remember the Hallowe'en party,—seeing all the Juniors go through the tortures that we went through the year before, and the mock man dance—all the admirable sailors, soldiers, officers and dudes that were there? Surely you remember the Harvard and Yale Game! The dining room was a wonderful sight that night, with all the girls in white and blue crepe paper and the red and blue balloons bobbing up and down above the tables. We had a few days off at Thanksgiving and ten days at Christmas. Remember the jolly time we had, carol-singing the night before the Christmas vacation began.

"Oh yes, the dear little Japanese Toy Shop play that the Y. W. gave came next, and then there was the Middle Junior dance, the Glee Club concert, when all the Framingham girls came up to Framingham and our wonderful dance. It was a glorious year filled with practice teaching, sub-ing, making out lesson plans, teaching lessons in "gym" and music and all the rest of the hard work that goes with it. And then the superintendents began to come around, thick and fast. We would talk them over as much as they did us and say: 'My, isn't he fine!' or 'I wouldn't want to teach under him.' But in some miraculous way we each got our positions for the next fall. Then plans were on for graduation, the happiest, yet the saddest part of the year. It was such a wonderful year and the work was so interesting."

## H. A. Senior History

The excitement of our life at F. N. S. began with the preparations for our first year. It wasn't an easy matter to be sure that our wardrobes fulfilled all the requirements of the catalogue which had been read and re-read.

The day for leaving came and also the expectation of meeting the one with whom our first year was to be shared most intimately—the roommate, for all sorts of imaginary persons had been called forth in our minds. In many cases perhaps, the spirits fell a bit lower at actually arriving and seeing so many new faces. Then came the heroine—the Senior. Each one of us was taken care of and piloted to her new home by this heaven-sent creature.

It seemed almost as though so many girls had never existed but soon the barriers dropped between those of us who lived in the same houses and lonesomeness began to wear away. However, it seemed as though getting acquainted with the school and buildings was a thing only to be dreamed of. Did those Seniors and Middle Juniors know where they were going as they wandered to and from classes or did they simply "follow the crowd?" Some of us decided that, since the former was impossible, the latter must be the solution and that perhaps it wouldn't be a bad thing for us to do. Our minds were changed however, when we found ourselves trying to answer roll call in a class of nurses. Soon, perhaps because we were catching the contagious attitude, our bearings became clearer and we were beginning to feel quite homelike when school was closed on account of the "flu" epidemic.

After our return to school, several get-acquainted and class parties followed, each one of which gave ample chance for displaying one's art in exterior decorations, costume designing, etc.

Although "Smiles" was the popular song at the time, it seemed as though "Rules" should be set to that tune for, perhaps, without an exception, the most common question in each one's mind then was: "Will the cold water ever stop running?" Thistle tubes, beakers, Madame S., current topics, pumps and classified levers greeted us in the form of nightmares to disturb our well-earned sleep.

It seems as though our Junior year must be a doubly memorable one for us, for foremost in our reminiscences is bound to come that wonderful day when peace was declared. Every member of the school celebrated with real live pep until blisters and sleep drove them back to the hill.

The big Harvard-Yale game followed. The celebration began Friday evening with the faculty take-off at which we all had to glance clockward to assure ourselves that we really were not attending morning exercises, so natural were the imitations. The game started at 3 P. M. the following day with colors, cheers and costumes. It was a dandy game and Yale won. Afterwards, we banqueted, cheered, sang and ended the festivities with a dance in the gym.

The time for midnight oil came with the calling in of notebooks, and thankful were those who could obtain it. The weight of studies, however, was lightened by looking forward to the troop trains that rushed through, scarcely giving us a chance to toss in the precious boxes of sweets and smokes. To-



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gether with all the other signs of spring now came the practical patches and bird walks, both of which we shared and enjoyed. Summer plans began now and echoed along the corridors and through the houses for our stock of knowledge was complete from the care of a furnace to scenes in Norway and our Junior year ended.

## MIDDLE JUNIOR YEAR

We shall never again doubt the adage: "Many are called but few are chosen," for here indeed we were, a mere handful of girls, ready to brave the perils of our Middle Junior year, but we had had due warning.

After the excitement of new girls, visits to our house-mothers, and mice in our elosets, had worn off we found ourselves deep in the midst of drafts, chem. charts and house plans.

Our Hallowe'en party, "espeecially for us," made us feel at home in Pierce even though we did find it to be inhabited with "spooks."

During our Christmas vacation, the Student Volunteer convention was held in Des Moines, to which we sent five representatives from the school and enjoyed the reports that they brought back.

Construction work on our new dormitory, Horace Mann Hall, had begun, and then came the laying of the corner stone, a day which we are sure none of us will forget.

The completion of tailored waists and the beginning of "hand-mades" were ushered in with blizzards and blizzards to keep things humming. The next great problem that faced us was whether or not traffic would be open for the mandance. We almost pictured the "chosen ones" coming on snow shoes. But fortune looked favorably upon us and the day actually arrived, also the dance, which we thought could never have an equal ever—though the next morning did dampen the spirits in general with its downpour.

How could such a splendid amount of snow be allowed to pass without our taking advantage? The result was a stunt show given in the gym in which each class and the faculty took part and a fund, sufficient to purchase a toboggan was raised.

"Field trips"—not a member of the class can hear that phrase without recalling Ward's, Lowell Textile, Squire's, Page & Shaw's, and the reminiscence of each.

Then came Eliza in the form of our play "Eliza Comes to Stay"—and so she did with the greatest success. Here the class sent forth its dramatic ability both as actresses and actors. "Snigs" captured her audience as Eliza and "Ori" still leaves a bewildering impression as Sandy.

Although the chemistry exhibit was fast heralding the close of our second year, the rush of gingham dresses, final tests, and special cookery for the exhibit made us forget that we actually were going home and left only the bare fact that there was to be a biennial with crowds and more crowds and cause our exhibition to be held over one more day.

The climax had been reached, and then came preparations for going home. Rummage sales were in order in most of the corridors and foolishly enough some of us started home, happy with the thought that our work at F. N. S. was ended.



## SENIOR YEAR

Back again and as Seniors! Was it a dream, or were we really to live in that long-looked-forward-to Crocker? Apparently, it was true for like last year's Seniors, our class was divided. B division was to be in house practice and A was to enter the broad and dignified field of teaching the young ideas. Just how many of the A's slept that Wednesday night before facing their first class in practice teaching is perhaps a question many have wondered about but few have dared ask. With the first day over and fairly good idea of just how much to let the student's bag swing in carrying those precious practice pieces and pack lunches we began to feel terribly professional and teaching became quite the thing. Meanwhile the B's canned, canned and then canned, that Crocker might eat heartily during the coming winter.

The Hallowe'en Party introduced the Juniors to the Seniors and also to the tunnel together with all those horrible creatures that walk on such a night. Our last Christmas party came, this year calling for impromptu speeches which were quite all that they threatened to be. The party ended early for the Seniors and they bundled themselves off for carolling in the village until 11.30 P. M.

The first half of our last year ended with petri dishes, agar-agar, theses and "merely small quizzes" to prove how much we had assimilated, and the A's and B's changed places. The thrills of teaching assignments and house practice cause all over again and it seemed almost like the beginning of a new year. Banish dreams of an "easy life in Crocker"! Enter "actual, practical experience"! Excellent news came to us that F. N. S. was to be granted the power of conferring a degree upon its four-year H. A. graduates. The news was wonderful, for with it came the thought of some day returning all together for a fourth year and the degree. At the same time, to lower our high spirits, came the word that one whom we had all grown to love, Mr. Howe, was to leave us at the close of the year, Although happy at his success and desirous of it continuing, we couldn't help but admit that for a short while, it was hard to disguise our actual feelings about his going.

Dresses, all shapes, sizes and colors, bandages and beds were taking shape through our skillful manipulation. Then came the Senior Prom, a close competitor to our Middle Junior Dance. It was perfect, beginning with the dinner parties and ending at 12 m. the following day. Our last dance on the hill reminded us that the end of our course was near and preparations must be started for the finale.

It seems scarcely possible that our graduation can be so near, but plans and rehearsals for both graduation and class day have begun, which prove the reality of the close. Together with the prospect of starting out on our own resources and attempts to realize certain ambitions comes a tingle of sorrow at leaving those whom we have come so intimately and become so deeply attached to and also a thought of the host of happy memories of our three years here a F. N. S.

## IN THE VILLAGE

### ROGER'S HOUSE

Unless the villagers really knew who we were they might have thought a gang of traveling peddlers were besieging Mrs. Rogers' in September, 1918.

Our trunks had to be opened on the piazza,—not that we wanted to display our wardrobe to the public, but it was much safer for the bannister and wall that we carried empty trunks up to the attic.

Each one of us was surely homesick that first week, although we didn't dare to breathe of the feeling until our Senior year.

The winter passed quicker than we had dared hope, with birthday parties, guests, and other "unmentionables."

The last week of school soon came with chem charts, practice pieces, and heat! Try as we may we couldn't keep the temperature of our rooms low enough to allow sleep. During the day we resorted to the cellar, but at night the back porch was our haven. Fortunately it held four mattresses and there we slept the sleep of peace until fiery old Sol chased us in with only mosquito bites to tell the story.

Then came trunk packing and farewells and we started for home with a host of happy memories of our good times and our year in the village, thanks to our good natured house mother.

### WILL THE 6 VERNON GANG EVER FORGET?

1. Woodie's arrival in tears à la Dad.
2. Our first meal—ham plus flies.
3. The disappearance of Doug.
4. Me next.
5. Cecil's Honors.
6. The mouse under Woodie's bed.
7. Those religious discussions.
8. Troop trains—returning heroes.
9. Snores.
10. The day the ice broke.
11. Fran's quietness.
12. The Hallowe'en party to Smith house.
13. The day our company made 'lasses candy.
14. Rach's birthday party.
15. Grange Hall dances.
16. The navy jazz band.
17. Nice pussies.

18. My great grandmother's best tablecloth.
19. Those Worcester affairs.
20. Mrs. Sear's pet expression E-liz-a-beth.
21. Packing D. Martin's trunk.
22. And the clock struck 17.
23. Those feeds in the big room.
24. Physics note-books due.
25. Char's red bow, rubbers and umbrella;  
and Mrs. Sear's kindness and patience with us.

### SMITH HOUSE

#### Extracts from the Diary of a Middle Junior

June 10, 1919—Gee, I've got to live in the village next year. Some of the other Middle Juniors have too and we're sore! The only house we could get looks awful gloomy and only has gas for lights. Don't like my room much either.

August 29—Hate to go back and live in the village. I'm going to put my name in for a room in the dorm as soon as I get back.

Sept. 10—Don't think its going to be so bad after all.

Sept. 23—I LIKE living in the village, guess I'll withdraw my name for a room in the dorm. Think I'll bring a lamp back next week. Awful hard to see at night.

Jan. 5, 1920—Had a party for some of the faculty and some of the "gang" living at the dorm. Quite exciting! Who got caught sliding down the banister?

Jan. 11—Sunday morning—Didn't get up for breakfast—ate shredded wheat, frozen milk and Louisiana sugar.

Jan. 21—Got "squelched" for being noisy tonight. Not all the occupants of "Ptomaine" seem to appreciate the music "Alura" scrapes out.

Jan. 25—Have company for week end. Last night we put the three beds together in the front room and five of us slept (?)—on them. I was on a crack—sort of drafty!

Feb. 5—Had an awful snow storm; couldn't get up to meals. Sent over to the "Old Centre" for food and cooked it on the oil heater. Lunched at the tea room.

May 16—Corker day! Sat out on the roof and watched the airplanes, etc., go by. Made fudge over the lamp after dinner. And after that—went to walk!

June 13—Awful lonesome—most of the gang is gone.

June 16.—Had a farewell party last night. Much weeping and lamenting when we left today. But it sure has been one wonderful year, eh "2 Mainers?" We all vote Mrs. Smith the best house mother ever.

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## DAVIS HOUSE

Over the back hill is a snug brown house, where four bright-and-shiny-green Juniors came to live, three years ago.

Remember that first night, with Florence and Beulah in Doris' room, perched on tables, while the momentous question of where to hang each of the fifty pictures was discussed, and cussed! And the birthday party on May 17th, with the "vic," 'n' everything! Mrs. Davis was just the best house-mother four girls ever had. Now where could we have felt more at home, away from home? Our first year at F. N. S. was a happy one, from beginning to end.

## McCARTHY HOUSE

It was at the McCarthy House that two green Juniors spent a most happy and memorable year. In answer to one of the numerous questions of "where do you live" Glad and Peg always answered: "In the big white house right next to the cemetery on Main street." "Oh, I know, the house where you have such a wonderful big room, breakfast in bed and everything nice." These are the conditions under which we lived during the first year with Abbie and Mickie over week-ends. In those week-ends we forgot all our troubles such as chem. charts, note books and H. A. rules.

How good Mrs. McCarthy was to us! It was really through her that our first year was so happy and we shall never cease to be grateful to her.

## "DOWN AT MRS. MAC'S"

"Down at Mrs. Mac's!" How easy it is to say it, and how proud we are to be able to answer it when asked where we lived our Junior year. For everyone knows what a privilege it is to have dear Mrs. MacAleer as a house mother. But others can only half appreciate the joy and fun of really being mothered by Mrs. MacAleer. Who else would tip-toe in and close your windows on icy mornings, or play the victrola to cheer you up when you're blue? And who could forget the lovely little Sunday night lunches in the dining-room all filled with pretty flowers, or the strawberry party when Mrs. Mac. made the wonderful shortcake? "Homey" is the word which describes it all and with Mrs. MacAleer ever thoughtful and kind, who could help but be happy. Here's a long, loud cheer for the "Mac" house.





### CROCKER HALL

During our first two years at Framingham, life in Crocker seemed an unattainable goal. Since we have called it "home," it has held in our hearts a warm, unchanging place. The lessons learned through closer friendships and more intimate contacts will make our lives happier and give to us the sympathy and understanding which are the assets of a beautiful character.

One week-end in February, B division bade fond farewell to the pantry key and the A's took possession. Even kitchen stuff wasn't so bad when we had Jo or Woodie to keep things lively.

As for the Prom, a thrill that comes once in a lifetime, those who experienced it on April 2, 1921, feel that it would not have been complete without the short but happy social time in Crocker, after the dance was over.

Many and varied are the good times we have had together: from singing on the steps while waiting for the mail—to frying Philadelphia Scrapple for dinner.

To the incoming seniors we leave plenty of hard work, but lots of good times to make up for it.



### PEIRCE HALL

Foremost in our memories of Peirce Hall stand Miss Carden and Miss Borgeson, whose every thought was for our welfare and happiness, (even though there were nights when we failed to appreciate it).

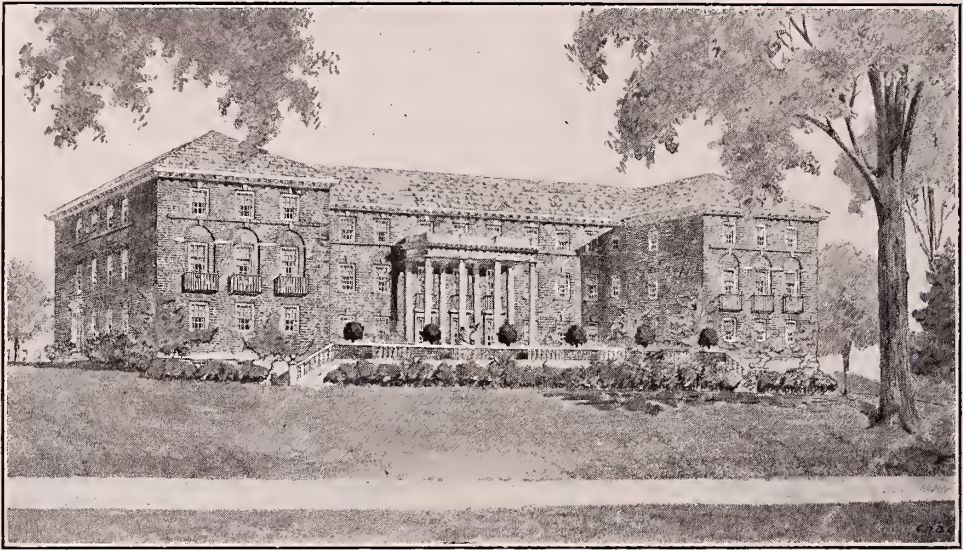
If walls had tongues, Peirce Hall would be an interesting place to the casual visitor.

Can we ever forget:

1. The bat in Win and Leah's room?
2. The night Spike was stranded in Room 34?
3. The "gentleman" who invaded the place one peaceful night?
4. The times we used the shower baths?
5. Coasting down the corridors on the sewing machines?
6. The ghost who patrolled third floor after ten?
7. The "Movies" in the kitchen, as seen from first-floor east?
8. Betty Green acting as matron?

These are only a few of the things which make Peirce Hall a place of happy memories to the class of '21.





### HORACE MANN HALL

Horace Mann Hall is before you. Those of us who were here last year certainly marvelled at the progress made when we returned to F. N. S. in September. The aspect of the entire campus seemed changed.

But the inside of the building was not as finished as the outside. For many weeks we went up and down stairs on planks. The furniture was in our rooms, except study tables, and of course this gave the Juniors and a few Middle Juniors an excuse for not working as much. It certainly was a poor place to put Juniors. No wonder some were homesick! But they soon got over it.

We had our first house meeting in the living-room which was far from finished. Here we were introduced to Miss Carden, who faithfully presided over us the first part of the year. We also made the acquaintance of Mrs. George, our housekeeper. This was not all. The rules and regulations of the dormitory were laid before us. We must have lights out at 10 P. M.—not because we chose—they just go out.

Miss Carden acted as our matron only for a short time, as with her other duties, we proved too much of a burden. The burden was transferred to Miss Gibson's shoulders. Soon after she took up her duties, Dr. Chalmers moved into his apartments. Our living-room was opened for the first time when the piano arrived, but as the rest of the furniture was not here, it was closed again. Although this is a new dormitory, it is not without excitement. In fact mice have caused no end of trouble. Bed at 9.30 (almost). Miss Gibson, whom we all liked left us about December 1, leaving us minus a shepherd.

Miss Newton took up the duties as matron and nurse. She may be small but knows what she's about. She is one nurse in a hundred—so don't you wonder, the girls are sick so often? Our building is finished. Did I say finished! Yes and started over again. But in spite of all difficulties and hardships we have had, we all vote that it's rather fun pioneering and many of us would like to stay here next year. We hope others will enjoy the dormitory as we have.



### VOCATIONAL HOUSE

Time—1920-1921.

Place—Vocational House.

Leading Ladies—Miss Sturtevant and Miss Banks.

Sept. 14—Cloudy, warm day. With boxes, bags, trunks and time tables, 18 girls arrived at Framingham and climbed the hill to Vocational House. Such a club!

Sept. 24. House practice began tonight. 4 A. M., Oh, what a racket! Don't be alarmed, only "K" shaking the fire.

Nov. 10. Auction at 6.30. Overflow of the "lost box." Our own clothes bought back at reduced prices! Moral: If you don't want to pay for your clothes twice, pick 'em up!

Dec. 21. Xmas party. Five minutes to make ourselves ridiculous. Louise took the prize. The tree could stand up under the knocks. Found in the tree celluloid vocational baby, length 3 inches.

Dec. 22. Christening of Percival Vocational, Jr., Dennis, as minister, carried out a very impressive ceremony.

Jan. 22. Moonlight wedding at 8.30. The bride was Flopsy and the groom Louise. The bride's father gave her away with relief and the groom's mother wept copiously. Wedding breakfast followed (no muffins).

Jan. 25. Anna busy "with shines" for the "Vic" fund.

Feb. 5. House all torn up with excitement. Middle Junior Dance with a dinner party. Harry reigned supreme in the kitchen and all went finely. Polly surely made a chic French maid.



Feb. 15. Arrival of our new "Vic." First Annual Vocational Ball. All present in full (?) dress. Helen Titcomb put off the floor for toddling.

Mar. 11. Great excitement! Bessie, Al and Dot made the Middle Junior Play. Al is leading lady. What is she going to lead?

Mar. 30. Pat and Betty, our confirmed late risers, went to early breakfast thinking it was 7.30.

April 1. Fall of the chimney, 4.15 A. M. BANG!!

April 2. Change of characters. 24 men to live in our house. Reason, the Senior dance. What a busy day! Dot was sure a "petite" maid this time.

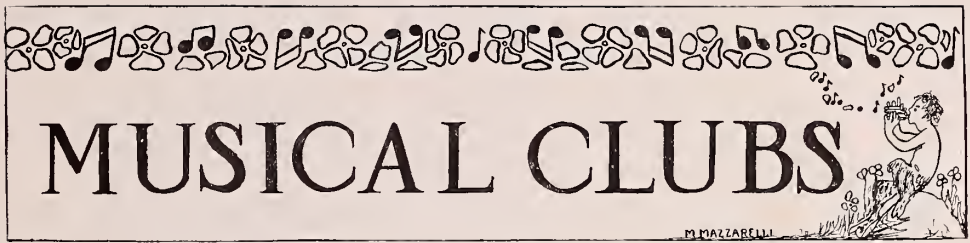
## "Crocker"

You may talk about your quarters  
 'Till your reason nearly totters  
 Juniors, Middle Juniors, you may laud yours to the skies;  
 But the Dorm the Seniors love  
 Every other one above—  
 Is the one they think is next to Paradise.  
 How the pans and dishes clatter  
 While we use up good grey matter  
 Over knotty points in boiling H 2 O.  
 How the beams and rafters shake  
 As our headlong way we take:  
 Rushing up and down old Crocker, to and fro—  
 O! 'tis Crocker, Crocker, Crocker!  
 Nothing we can do will shock her;  
 All our joys and cares she holds in sheltering walls.  
 Other classes may have praised her;  
 But by all the powers that raised her—  
 '21 shall shout the loudest—Crocker Hall!



# CLUBS





### ORCHESTRA AND GLEE CLUB

The pleasure which our Musical Clubs add to our school life is certainly good proof that music is indispensable wherever good times are. To the members of the Glee Club and Orchestra, the time spent with Mr. Archibald will always remain a happy memory. And who can imagine F. N. S. without an Orchestra or a Mandolin Club to rely upon in time of need?

The Salem Normal School girls came to Framingham this year to join us in our annual concert and through Mr. Archibald's enthusiastic leadership and the hearty support of the girls, it was more successful than ever.

In our thoughts of F. N. S., music will hold no small part, for we realize that without our singing the spirit of Framingham could not be what it is.

Fairest of the Muses nine,  
Sung by poets, lovers, sages,  
Music! what a sway divine  
Thou has held throughout the ages.

Merry moments, flitting past,  
In our memories will last,  
Vanishing with school-girl hours,  
Perpetuated through thy powers.

Muse, O hear our ardent plea—  
Tho' these happy years may go,  
In the happier ones to be  
May we still thine influence know.







## MANDOLIN CLUB

What could be more entertaining than a good Mandolin Club full of life and full of pep? Through the enthusiasm of sixteen mandolin players and the efforts of our ever helpful school pianist, Framingham's first organized mandolin club was started. Our aim at first was to provide amusement for ourselves and as we gathered together weekly in Room 41, it was amusing indeed to hear the "tinkle tinkle" of sixteen mandolins each giving forth a note somewhere near the right one. But—that was only at first, for with a little practice we all struck the right note at the right time and people besides ourselves began to appreciate the music. We made our first appearance before the school at the Christmas party. "On To Plattsburg" received an applause that called for an encore, which was ably supplied. The club played at several smaller functions, playing popular, as well as classical music.

At the Salem and Framingham joint Glee Club concert the Mandolin Club, as one of the Framingham Musical Clubs, rendered two selections, adding to the already fine program.

Now the amusement provided seems not only to furnish entertainment for ourselves alone, but for all others who hear the Mandolin Club play.

## Clubs

Clubs may come and clubs may go  
But ours go on forever,  
They're always good, there always true  
And shall be forever and ever.

They stand for music, fun, and joy,  
As helping hands for brothers,  
In art they deal, and canning food,  
All, experiments for others.



#### FINE ARTS CLUB

President—Priscilla Hill

Vice President—Marion Graves

Treasurer—Priscilla Twombly

Secretary—Faith Buckingham

Chairman of Programme Committee—Muriel Buckley

The Fine Arts Club has been of great help and interest to every girl who has been associated with it. In November a great many new girls joined us in the helpful and enjoyable work, and our leaders for the year set about doing their bit.

With the untiring efforts of Mr. Ried, the club advisor, many interesting stereopticon lectures were enjoyed by all the members of the club and their friends.

The beauties of Nature, which are all about us on Normal Hill, were pictured to us in the lectures, so realistically and tactfully that the finer arts began to be appreciated by all. Statuary, Interior Decorations and Art in Daily Life, were vividly brought before us.

For the coming years we all hope that those who come after us will strive and join together in learning to love and appreciate the finer and more worth while things of life.





#### A'KEMPIS CLUB

Pastor Ecclietatis—Rev. Dr. O'Connor

President—Anne C. O'Connor

Vice President—Anna F. McGurk

Secretary-Treasurer—Mary E. Hackett

The Framingham A'Kempis Club since its organization in 1917 has been a local club. The girls have felt for a long time the need of becoming affiliated with a larger club. For this reason, the club sent as delegates to a meeting of the Federation of Catholic College Clubs at Boston, its President Anne O'Connor, Secretary Treasurer Mary Hackett and Marion Dougherty to arrange for the affiliation. The delegates made a very favorable report and it was voted to become a part of the great Federation.

The first big meeting was held at the rectory, where about sixty girls were present, and the plans for the year's work laid out. At the meetings held every other week girls from each class took charge of the arrangements and served light refreshments.

At Christmas time we were very busy. Knitting needles clicked in the process of making tiny mittens, while scissors cut out warm garments to give cheer to the hearts of needy children at the Christmas tide. During the winter we held sliding parties on the back hill and before we realized it, winter had slipped by.

Then came the spring, the time to enjoy the great out of doors. One of the most enjoyable events was the hike to Starrett Farm in Sudbury, where we were given a chance to inspect a model farm, incidentally to become acquainted with the beautiful country that lies about Framingham.

Thus the year slipped by and our work is over. To next year's club, as a member of a larger club, we extend our good wishes for a prosperous, helpful year.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

## Y. W. C. A.

President—Marie McPherson

Vice President—Gladys Mann

Secretary—Marion Graves

Treasurer—Winifred Howes

Our Y. W. C. A. entered upon its fourth year of Christian leadership, when the new Cabinet was installed in March, 1920. Several of the officers of former years were present and spoke of the value of Y. W. C. A. to them.

In the Spring, on Violet Hill, the new and old cabinet members enjoyed a picnic together to catch the spirit of good comradeship in Y. W. C. A. Miss Beatrice A. Hunt, a former teacher at F. N. S. and the one who organized the Y. W. C. A. here, and laid its foundation four years ago, was our guest. Miss Hunt will always remain dear in our memory because of her untiring efforts in behalf of our association.

During the summer, the membership committee directed the sending of letters of welcome to the incoming students. Soon after school opened, a successful membership campaign was completed which showed the vital interest of many in Y. W. C. A. An acquaintance party, and a sing at Crocker, together with several hikes contributed to the success of this campaign.

The Conference Committee has been at work finding means to swell the Silver Bay fund which helps to send girls to this summer conference. Through this committee, the whole school is helping girls to "follow, follow the gleam," and each year we hope that more will find that inspiration which has come to so many of us at Silver Bay. Seventeen girls and Miss Frazee of our Faculty, represented our school last June at Silver Bay.

The publicity committee through the Y. W. C. A. bulletin board and various posters has greatly added to the success of the work undertaken by all committees.

During the winter, the conference and social committee united their efforts in conducting a French Costume Recital by Bessie Talbot Salmon, together with a Japanese bazaar at Christmas. "Mousmé of the Toy Shop" was a delightful Japanese play in which our girls took part. All these provided substantial means for the Silver Bay fund.

At Christmas time, gifts of garments, toys and games were provided for the less fortunate children of Framingham.

The Y. W. C. A. has aimed to help the Commuters especially by keeping the Students' room attractive and comfortable. We are glad they use and enjoy it.

The third side of the Y. W. C. A. represents its most vital purpose—that of Christian leadership or religious activity. At the regular Wednesday afternoon meetings we have been privileged to hear many and inspiring speakers, among whom we recall with pleasure, Rev. H. H. Crane, Dr. Knight, Mr. John W. Gates, Emily Gordon. The Sunday vesper services which have been led by the girls proved very helpful and well attended. The girls were very interested in the series of Bible study classes based on Dr. Calkins' lectures on Apocalyptical Writings. Miss Ramsdell conducted these classes very ably and the girls appreciated her efforts.

This is our hope, that the spirit of Y. W. C. A. may ever remain in the hearts of each one, and grow deeper, and more vital each year.





#### LEND-A-HAND CLUB

President—Hazel Pawlowsky

Vice President—Elizabeth Carlson

Secretary—Isabel Tarr

Treasurer—Lucille Gaffney

During the past year, we have tried to follow our motto. The Tuesday afternoons spent in the Lighthouse have been both enjoyable and profitable. While Miss Perry read or talked to us, we worked on garments which have been sent to the City Hospital in Boston and to Dr. Grenfel's Mission.

The meetings we like best are those in which Miss Perry answers our questions. Without her, the Lighthouse would fail in its purpose, for she brings to us the light and inspiration which lead us on and on toward the best things of life.

As we go out to do our little part in the world, we must expect showers and clouds, but the strength and courage which have come to us in the afternoons we have spent together will help us to look forward and upward to the sunshine which lies behind every cloud.

Look up and not down;  
 Look forward and not back;  
 Look out, and not in  
 And Lend-a-Hand.



## The Experimental Kitchen

President—Effie Goddard

Vice President—Carolyn McQueston

Treasurer—Marian Graves

Secretary—Susan Paige

The three letters—X. P. K., probably mean very little to one, not a Framinghamite, and may cause her to wonder at their significance, but to an F. N. S. girl it means just the coziest little cottage imaginable with a living-room, which at the slightest warning may be converted into the most attractive little dining-room possible. This has been proved, especially on occasions of birthdays, teas, dances and other festivities.

Perhaps of equal importance, though, is the kitchen where equipment,—ranging from a skewer to a gas-stove may be found for one's convenience. Just how many pans of fudge have been turned out here, no one can tell, but one may often surmise that a batch is in the making if in passing she chances to hear (discouragingly) "Let's cook it over." Besides the fun here, the kitchen has been very useful for experimental work in connection with the different courses of the school.

Mr. Ried is constantly lending his assistance in the arrangement and upkeep and with the help of the Middle Juniors, each year, he brings about its newness.

We hope and feel sure that the coming classes will keep up the deep interest in the X. P. K., and enjoy it as much as we have.







# SUMMER SCHOOL



## CANNING SCHOOL

July 19 our Summer Canning School began with an enrollment of twenty-one. Miss Borgeson made us a good chaperon while Dr. Meier not only acted as kind instructor, but advisor and pal. Our program was as follows:

- 7.00. Breakfast.
- 8.00. Lectures and talks.
- 9.00—12.00. Canning.
- 12.00— 1.00. Dinner.
- 1.00— 5.30. Canning
- 5.30. Supper.
- 6.00—10.00. Our own time.
- 10.30. Lights out.

Each week we took turns for preparing and planning the meals. In this way we did not have to pay for service or doctors. Our motto was “eat lots, smile and be merry.”

Our lectures and talks were given not only by Dr. Meier, but by prominent members in extension and continuation work. Good reports of each lecture were given in the local papers.

We canned beans by the bushels, peaches by the dozens of crates, also blueberries. Besides the canning we made a great many pounds of jelly. The results of our hard work at the end of three weeks was as follows: 835 qts. beans, 146 qts. peaches, 507 qts. blueberries and 90 lbs. currant jelly.

However, we do not wish folks to think that it was a case of “All work and no play.” Far be it from that! We had all the fun and play we could wish. Of the twenty-one who came back not one of us can ever forget “Canning School” and Dr. Meier our playful instructor.

## Things To Be Remembered

Canoeing on the Sudbury; Our Canning School Song; The Fire Alarm; Punctured Tires; Dr. Meier’s Solo; Dr. Chalmers’ Party; State Board Visit; Mrs. Meier’s Dinner Party; Alice Stone Disappearing to Frost House.



WINTER SCENES ABOUT THE HILL



# SPORTS





#### Yale

Anne Lethola, jc.  
 Marjorie Brigham, sc.  
 Esther Polley, g.  
 Capt. Helen Snell, g.  
 Lillian Morse, f.  
 Alice Coleman, f.  
 Miss Sutcliffe, Coach.

#### HARVARD-YALE GAME

To live over again a very happy time in our lives is to live over the Harvard-Yale Game. The date—November 20, 1920. The day—Saturday. The place—F. N. S. gymnasium. The time—three o'clock to four thirty.

The gymnasium with its red and blue decorations held a joyous crowd of people that day. The old piano could not be seen, for it was covered with a crowd of happy, prattling, alumnae. The staunch supporters of the two teams, Harvard and Yale, marched in with songs and cheers, ready to uphold their teams.

The hubbub ceased as the "warring" teams took their places. From the moment the referee blew her whistle, every girl was "up on her toes."

It was a difficult battle from the very beginning. The ball was first on one side—then on the other. Through skillful handling and quick team work, Yale made five baskets while Harvard made four during the first third.

The rest of the game continued with as much speed and spirit as it began. First one side had the ball, then the other side; first one made a basket, then the



#### Harvard

Mary Foley, jc.  
Eirene Wheeler, sc.  
Gertrude Wing, g.  
Dorothy Sparks, g.  
Capt. Florence Dudley, f.  
Alice Maertins, f.  
Miss Kingman, Coach.

other. Harvard cheered, then Yale, until the second third was over in Harvard's favor with the score nineteen to eighteen.

Due to a slight disagreement between the score-keepers at the end of the last third, another short period was played. Then the game was over in favor of Yale with only a difference of one point in the score. Cheers and yells prevailed.

The spirit was all that one could expect of F. N. S. girls. Everyone played her best, and everyone cheered her best. The game ended with everyone happy!

#### ALUMNAE GAME

When it seemed as if the girls had enjoyed all the excitement possible at the Harvard-Yale game, Miss Kingman announced an alumnae game to be played in the "gym" after the banquet. This announcement brought a crowd of interested girls to witness what proved to be the most amazing, and most startling game of basketball many of us have ever seen.

Ten of the basketball stars of former years came into the "gym" at 8.30 under the leadership of Miss Kunhardt and Miss Kingman as centres. Many and

varied were the middies, bloomers, and sneakers (all borrowed), which fitted either "too soon" or not at all.

When Miss Sutcliffe tossed up the ball to start the game, a pin could be heard to drop, as we watched with staring eyes, and waited with abated breath, to see the two dreaded centers clash. After many terrible jumps and manoeuvres, the ball was in the hands of one of the centers. She quickly tossed it to her forward, who, after performing in like manner, made a basket.

We girls didn't see much of the rest of that period, for we were paying attention to our own physical conditions, which were greatly disturbed and weakened from combined tears and laughter. Every girl was in the same condition—speechless from laughter, while the tormentors played on.

The game continued at a reckless pace, endangering the lives of those girls who were still fit to laugh more. The forwards saw nothing but the stars in the heavens, the guards saw no one but the wrong center, and the centers saw nothing but each other. Thus, the first period closed with four points to the good, for one side.

After a period in which the grateful audience revived, the two powerful teams came into the "gym" as fresh as when they first began the game. What a period this was! Through eyes swimming with foolish tears, we saw, but dimly, the two centers playing tag with each other, one of the forwards playing "one-two, buckle my shoe" with the basketball, while her guard was apparently catching butterflies. Thus, the second period ended. The audience retained just enough brains to grasp the fact that the score was a tie!

Excitement grew intense as the teams, smiling benevolently, entered for the final third. This, we realized, was the climax of the whole game; so we steeled ourselves with iron wills to watch every moment in this third. The battle waged hard and fast. We became quite dizzy from watching the ball fly from one side to the other. Would no one make a basket? Ah! At last! One of the forwards had the ball hard and fast in her grasp. She took careful and deliberate aim for the basket, and skillfully tossed the ball. Ah! The ball had reached the rim of the basket. Would it go in? We stood, gasping for breath, waiting—

It moved—tottered—and—fell out, landing on the floor! Quick as a flash the other forward picked it up, and with a swift, graceful movement, easily tossed the ball right into the basket! And thus, the game was won for the victorious team!

When many cheers had been given, we left the "gym," devoutly thankful that we were not victims of a sudden death from laughter!

### THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

"Are you going out for the tournament?" and "Whom are you up against?" were the questions frequently heard last October, following the announcement of the tournament. Succeeding the latter question might come an alarming display of ignorance as to the exact identity of the future opponent. But after they found each other, what hours they chose for their match! More than one sleepy-eyed individual crept through a cruel world at six o'clock!

As the number of contestants decreased, the interest rose higher and higher, and after many a fine match, fate decreed that the finals should be played off between Florence Dudley and Dorothy Sparks.

What a day! The eleventh of November, and the weather outside bearing a



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# Framingham State Normal School

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striking resemblance to Labrador. The girls were game though, and turned out full force. Those who did not hold up the fence around the tennis court, enjoyed balcony seats from Horace Mann, west-wing.

The game was exciting enough. Dud played a corking game, and only chance prevented her from coming out ahead.

One of the awards of the winner was the privilege of playing Mr. Ried. His opponent began to appreciate the privilege when confronted by his serve. Pat said she felt ready for Mr. Howe's "six-foot box" after having various valuable parts of her anatomy nearly amputated as a result of the aforesaid serve.

Whether as a result of the active rooting of Miss Kingman or not, Mr. Ried nearly won a dozen times, and only from lack of recent practice was he finally defeated. "It's a great life," but thank fortune we are all strong!

## FIELD DAY

The weather had been exceedingly pleasant the whole week preceding Field Day, so that if it did rain on that all-important occasion, one ought not murmur. Such were the timid sentiments of those who feared that the wrath of the gods would be visited upon them, if they dared to give voice to their real thoughts.

The day before the meet, the academic calm which characterizes our class rooms was maintained as usual, for Framingham training lifts the mind to an unperturbed state, where it cannot be vexed or harassed by anxiety. But after classes were over, one could see beves of girls, dotting the campus in earnest and excited conversation. Occasionally some glanced heavenward, with an appealing look as though beseeching fair weather on the morrow.

Fate was kind, Fortune propitious, and we awoke the next morning to greet a glorious day. Well do I recall standing at my window that morning inhaling the sweet, fresh air, while the words of a beloved poet ran through my mind.

"And what is so rare as a day in June,  
Then if ever come perfect days."

The day was perfect; nothing further could be asked.

Shortly after classes were over, the girls lined up on the campus. From Crocker, the Seniors—distinguished by their orange and black caps, led the lengthy procession. Immediately following them, came the Middle Juniors with their heads bound with blue bands, which reminded us of ancient sacrificial fillets. The Juniors came last, wearing green aviation caps adorned with a large "J."

It was indeed a jolly procession which moved slowly to the athletic field, where the meet was held. Before the contests began, songs and cheers filled the air and testified to the good fellowship of the different classes.

Then for two happy hours, in the presence of the faculty and friends of the school, the inter-class meet took place.

Thrills chased each other up and down our spines, as we watched the two departments of the Senior class vie with each other in a baseball game, which brought into play all the tactics and manoeuvres of a professional, all-American,

baseball team. Was not the spirit of class rivalry replaced by appreciation of merit when the Regular Seniors cheered the H. A. Seniors for a gallant exhibition of play? ("Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.")

Then came the three-legged race, and the running broad jumps. We could not forget them if we would; and we would not forget them if we could.

From time to time, the students glanced with grateful appreciation in the direction of Miss Kingman and Miss Sutcliffe, who made every effort to make the events of the day successful.

Tired, but exultant, the classes trooped back to the dining hall, and after songs and many cheers, we all had a corking good dinner. This was a fitting climax for one very happy Field Day.

### "GYM"

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

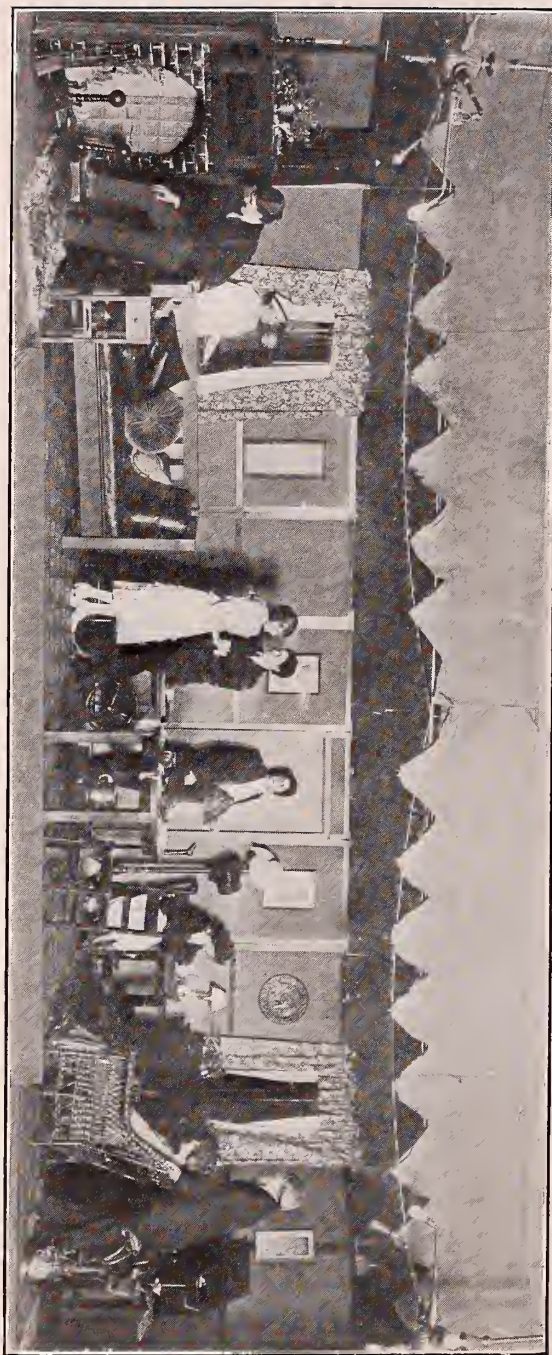
You may talk o'fun and frolics  
 And the plays and good old rollics  
 That you've had in other places where you've been.  
 After every sport and game,  
 There's a place for which we aim,  
 Compared with other places this would win.  
     Now here in old Wells Hall,  
     Where so oft our classes call,  
 Where queer "chem." smells make our senses swim,  
     Down just one flight o' stair  
     From where "foods" and "music" share,  
 You'll find the room we love—our own dear Gym!  
     It's the Gym! Gym! Gym!  
 You dear old happy hunting ground—our Gym!  
     Though we look the whole world through,  
     We will find no place like you,  
 For there's none as dear to us as our own Gym.

    When we were Juniors green  
     And thought everything we'd seen,  
 (We really saw but half of what we should)  
     The first place we would run,  
     When our daily tasks were done,  
 Was to the Gym—and play whate'er we could.  
     And though we skipped our showers,  
     We were anxious for Gym hours,

E'en while our quaking knees shook in "left-face,"  
For after, "Class excused,"  
With the teacher much amused  
At the antics we contributed with "grace,"  
    We would grab the basketball,  
    Woe to those who were not tall,  
And we'd play our hardest in a game or race.  
    In the Gym! Gym! Gym!  
You dear old happy hunting ground—our Gym!  
    Though we look the whole world through,  
    We will find no place like you,  
For there's none as dear to us as our own Gym!

Now that we're Seniors gay  
And it's time to go away,  
Far out into the "sad and cruel world,"  
    We shall think of F. N. S.  
    With a longing we confess  
To see our Gym: With banners all unfurled,  
    Our Harvard girls in red,  
    Yale's ferocious bull dog led,  
Affrighting everything he gazes on,  
    This and more we all shall see  
    If next fall each one is free,  
To return to school to see the only game,  
    Then will shout and cheer and sing,  
    'Till the walls of Wells Hall ring  
With our praises for the team which wins all fame.  
    In the Gym! Gym! Gym!  
You dear old happy hunting ground—our Gym!  
    Though we look the whole world through  
    We will find no place like you,  
For there's none as dear to us as our own Gym!





## THE MIDDLE JUNIOR PLAY

Did "Eliza come to stay" on May 15, 1920. I guess she did, she even stayed to appear before the appreciative public for February 9, 1921. We feel that we can pride ourselves on the splendid way it went off, even Mr. Belasco himself might feel proud of the production. There was a great deal of hard work, but an almost equal amount of fun.

The play which was chosen by the committee was "Eliza Comes to Stay" a farce in three acts. The first act was the breakfast room in the Honorable Sandy Verrall flat in London. The second act was the same scene a week later, about twelve in the morning. The third act was the same, a month later.

The cast was chosen the last of March, and many came out for try-out. It was a difficult task to choose from them—the best. However, the following girls were chosen.

The Honourable Sandy Verrall .....	Orianna Lester
Alexander Stoop Verrall .....	Freda Randall
Montague Jordan .....	Rosamond Day
Herbert, a valet .....	Charlotte Stiles
A Porter .....	Josephine Ryan
Lady Pennybroke .....	Frances Andrews
Miss Vera Laurence .....	Pauline Kimball
Mrs. Allaway .....	Doris Parker
Dorothy .....	Gertrude Higgins

The rehearsals began immediately under the supervision of Miss Kinman who generously gave her time and advice. It was necessary to give much time to rehearsals, and they came thick and fast.

Great secrecy surrounded Eliza's travelling costume, and many were the sources from which it came. At dress rehearsals, difficulty was encountered in the acrobatic stunts necessary to get into the costumes, especially Herbert's. Those false whiskers of Uncle Alexander's would tickle, and Montague Jordan simply couldn't make that beastly monocle stay in place. Miss Kingman deserved credit as a first class artist in making up the girls for their parts.

Esther Perry as stage manager did a bit of work in interior decoration and made a very comfortable looking breakfast room. Terese McClellan as property manager supplied the characters with their amusing costumes, although not especially amusing to wear. Priscilla Twombly as business manager showed her business ability in handling the finances of the production.

When finally May 15 arrived, Muriel Buckley as head usher and her able assistants looked after our parents and friends. There was much excitement behind the scenes getting wigs adjusted, also that last long look at their part. We were all sorry when the big night was over, and we missed the excitement and anticipation of the final production.

On February 19, 1921, we repeated the play for the benefit of the Dial. The same girls were in the cast, and the same managed the play. This year it was even better than the previous year, and we lived the evening over again with Eliza.

## Class Baby

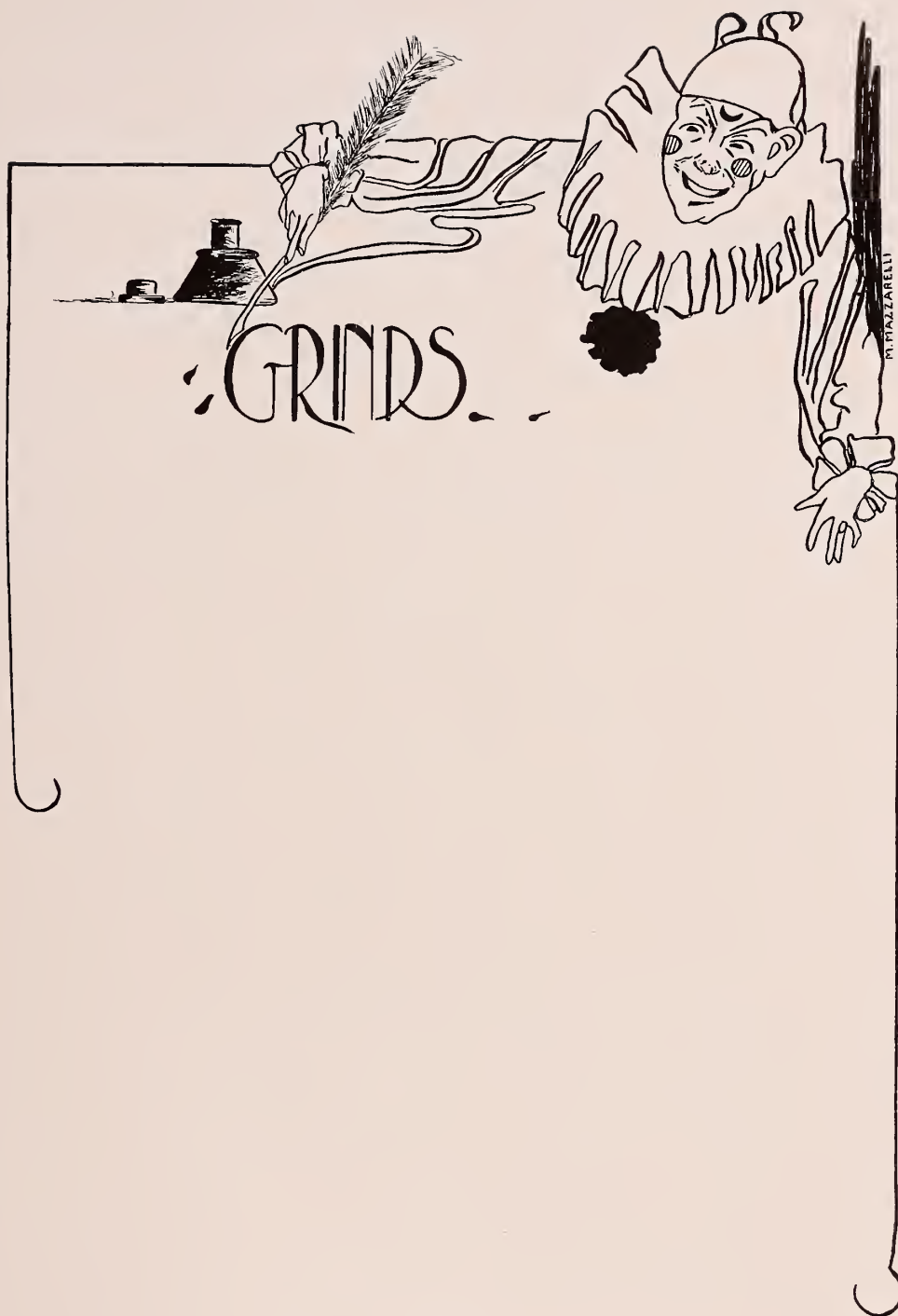


GEORGE ASHLINE PECK

October 31, 1920

ALICE CHARLOTTE ASHLINE—ALTON PECK





M. MAZZARELLI

## H. A. Class Prophecy

It was in old Crocker kitchen,  
 As I polished up the brass,  
 That I saw upon its surface  
 The future of this class.

Geraldine Farrar has passed away  
 And in her place Dot Hein holds sway.  
 In the art museum are paintings grand  
 Done by Priscilla Hill's skillful hand.  
 Faith runs a settlement house in the old west end,  
 Where she teaches the children to cook and to mend.  
 Gertrude Higgins, the peanut hound  
 Is selling peanuts to the boys at Brown.  
 Mickey and Charlie are "happy tho' married,"  
 And Betty Keyes in congress many votes has carried.  
 Win Sloane and Al Jolson co-starring are they,  
 While Leah and Jo lug the cabbages away.  
 Alice Stone has made her name  
 In Dr. Meier's hall of fame.  
 Rosie and Ricey in the Passion Show,  
 Sure get a hand from the bald headed row.  
 Marie Rideout helps Kay Harrington out  
 Teaching the deaf and dumb to shout.  
 Here's a bit of famous news:  
 Bat's made a new record, "The Giggling Blues."  
 Peg and Glad have made a sensation  
 Selling books on argumentation.  
 Gert Nelson is pulling in money galore  
 Running a branch of Ginter's store.  
 Dot Clark has put Red Hook on the map  
 And nearby in New York Ted has a flat.  
 Adams and Stiles pills are now for sale,  
 To kill or cure they never fail.  
 Chubby has gone to the South Sea Isles  
 To charm the natives with curls and smiles.  
 Gus and Bowsie, matrons of a Y. W. C. A.,  
 Keep open all night as well as all day.  
 T. McClellan, with specs and ears,  
 Has been teaching in Podunk the last five years.  
 All stray dogs Sil cares for free,  
 While Wingie has her clubs, by gee!  
 You'd never believe it, we must confess  
 Spike Picken is teaching at F. N. S.  
 Miriam, Harriet and Bonnie Ruth  
 Sell Pall Malls in a subway booth.  
 Polly Kimball still throws a good line  
 Selling hairnets two for a dime.  
 Dora Sprague and Mabel Sutton

Are errand girls for Houghton and Dutton.  
Pete Lane is a missionary meek,  
And Orianna has eloped with her Deke.  
Molly Andrews in Sunday school  
Is teaching the children the golden rule.  
Louise Daniels and Marie Bixby  
Are serving five years for speed, I see.  
The 'athletic shark of our class, Cut,  
Is holding the national tennis cup.  
Woodie keeps Cecil full of old fight  
Shooting off fireworks day and night.  
Mary and Gracie, a sheep farm have they,  
While Dodie Maxfield hires out for the day.  
Muriel is making a neat little sum  
In Woolworth's selling chewing gum,  
And Ibbie in the very next isle  
Is jazzing the ivories in dance hall style.  
Marion Oliver and Mabel Lawton  
In the four hundred now have gotten.  
Marie McPherson holds forth in a gym,  
Teaching fat people how to grow thin.  
"Annie O'Connor from Springfield" hills  
Is demonstrating sunshine pills.  
At the Orpheum "Danny's Dark and Desperate Deed"  
Features Hazel Smith and Wallie Reid.  
Betty Green in her own private racer  
Is the original pamphlet chaser.  
By the fire sits Mealie Pratt  
Teaching her children to sew and to tat.  
Peg Wood with her long and lustrous locks  
Is shown in Vogue advertising "Canthrox."  
Si is Harrison Fisher's model  
And Doris Parker is teaching the toddle.  
You'd be surprised at our friend Freda,  
In the jazz sisters chorus, she's the leader.  
Agnes at Palm Beach in her dashing clothes  
Vamps all the society girls' beaux.  
Dot Ashton is driving the matrimonial cart  
And is holding the "raines" right close to her heart.  
Blanch Orr with her B. S., M. A., and Ph. D.,  
President of Columbia is soon to be.  
The movie balls by Dud are run,  
Where Bill Hart and his gang go for fun.  
A hash house of great renown  
Is run by Anna of New Bedford town.  
Peanuts Butler is running a bargain store  
Selling something for nothing and then some more.  
Kay Ray teaches white sauce, methods 1, 2 and 3  
To the pretty children of gay Parree.



Hazel Palowsky has changed her name  
 But her old time smile is always the same.  
 Ruth Kimball now is always blue  
 For she has to paddle her own canoe.  
 Marion Dougherty has a stationery store,  
 Where she sells pencils and erasers galore.  
 Lucille still trots home though it's more than a mile,  
 And Fran Burt paints covers in futuristic style.  
 Margaret Hinchcliffe is suing hubby so the papers say  
 For taking his "stenog," out to lunch the other day.  
 Barnum Bailey have captured Lil  
 She's gained three hundred and she's growing still.

Framingham, just look at this !  
 See what you've done to many a miss !

### THE MYSTERIES OF NIGHT!

Under the dim hall's exit light—  
 Three weary drooping heads,  
 Were trying to cram for "place name" tests  
 12:30—and they should be in bed.

A sound they hear down the corridor come,  
 And all three hold their breath,  
 But it's only a mouse or a creaking board,  
 And they start in again to find Limerick.

London is in Scotland sure—  
 And Dublin on the Norman coast.  
 Where on earth are the Herbrides Isles?  
 Killarney Lakes bother me the most!

Just ten more names they have to place,  
 That's all that's left for them to do—  
 Then off they trot to "hit the hay"  
 As the living-room clock announces two!

But the places follow them to bed  
 And o'er their dreams do vigils keep.  
 Such is life in the Regular World,  
 While the school and matrons sleep.

When ice cream grows on macaroni trees,  
 When the Sahara desert grows muddy—  
 When cats and dogs wear caps and gowns—  
 Then I begin to study.

### PRACTICE TEACHING

On one bright September Day  
 We sat in awe and heard  
 The names of those in Division A  
 And the Oh's! and the Ah's! spelled  
 dread.

What shall I do? I can not teach!  
 Thus, was our fear expressed.  
 But out we went to practice teach  
 And found it isn't best  
 To cross our bridge long before  
 We even see the edge.  
 For how we loved to teach  
 Those perfect little dears,  
 We hated to come in again  
 We had lost our former fears.  
 But after three months were up,  
 Division B claimed the ground  
 And back we came upon the hill  
 Where our studies soon were found.

### THINGS WE NEVER SEE

All A's.  
 Miss Gerritson in a hurry.  
 Us in bed at 10 P. M.  
 Miss Armstrong taking a rest.  
 All of us at breakfast.  
 An "intelligent" class in History.  
 Mr. Ried at Assembly.  
 Men on Normal Hill.

### IN "GYM"

Student (nervously)—Now we'll all stoop down together and we'll all  
 scoop up sand together and we'll all—  
 Miss S. (interrupting)—Rather a "get together" party isn't it?

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# Framingham State Normal School

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## PLAY

Title—Where is Your Room?

Place—Crocker Hall.

Scenery—Room in turmoil getting ready to go away for a week-end.

Cast of Characters—Matron, Miss Lockwood; Roommates, 1 and 2.

### Act I. Knock on Door

1st Roommate (thinking it one of the gang)—Come on in and cut out the funny stuff! (

Door gently opens and matron enters.

Matron—Good evening, girls!

2nd R.—“Good evening, Miss Lockwood. Won’t you sit down (not a free chair in the room).

Matron—No girls, I’ve just come to inspect and where is your room? Oh yes, I see a little of it now—under your clothes.

First, I’d like to look into your bureau drawers. Suppose we take the top one first.

1st Roommate opens drawer and discloses to view, veils, stockings, hair nets, powder, pictures, medicine, magazines, “Notes on Education,” and a thick volume of “How to Grow Thin”—other articles being hidden.

Matron (recovering from sight)—Oh yes, so nice to have everything we need right handy, in case of an emergency!

(This means at least a flunk mark.)

Perhaps we’d better not look any farther here. What is that article over there? Oh yes, a desk—how remarkable! You’d really never guess it. Of course a disguise is very good in certain circumstances. Now, let me see under your beds please.

(Roommates catch each other as they are about to faint, for relics of the years at F. N. S. are about to be revealed.) Slowly 2nd R— pulls back the beds—

Matron (slowly recovering, still hoping to find some of the model conditions)—Suppose you show me your bed made according to hospital style. Oh yes, and which is the head and which is the foot? Very interesting corners and so fancy! But I think it would be just as well to make corners as taught. Only one thing more. I’d like to see your toothbrushes, please.

1st R.—I—I—lost mine.

2nd R. (proudly producing ivory case containing toothbrush)—Here is mine.

Matron (unable to stand anymore)—One of those odious cases. Think of all the bacteria. I’d suggest, from all appearances, it would be a good plan to clean in back of your radiator with your toothbrush. That’s all tonight girls, but let me say this, as a little parting advice—don’t you think it would be a good plan to study those chapters on “Model Rooms” again?

Finis.

### HEARD IN HISTORY CLASS

Miss G.—You couldn’t tell he was a black man because he was white.

### WHO'S WHO

#### Regular Department

Class baby—Maud Pearl.  
 Most enthusiastic—Mae Bentley.  
 Best looking—Vera Allen.  
 Most stylish—Gertrude Swartz.  
 Class grind—Marion Watts.  
 Most attractive—Esther Richardson.  
 Most efficient—Mary Foley.  
 Neatest—Hazel Wolfe  
 Most loquacious—Lucretia Collins.  
 Wittiest—Gladys Umlah.  
 Most diplomatic—Gertrude Swartz.  
 Brightest—Beulah Lane.  
 Most absent minded—Erma Reed.  
 Best all around girl—Winifred Howes.  
 Most optimistic—Florence Schweppe.  
 Cutest—Gertrude Swartz.  
 Most athletic—Mary Foley.  
 Class bluffer—Erma Reed.  
 Most clever—Betsy Barker.  
 Best dancer—Frances Sullivan.  
 Most original—Betsy Barker.  
 Done the most for the class—Winifred  
     Howes.  
 Most modest—Beulah Lane.  
 Class Flirt—Florence Banks.  
 Most musical—Winifred Howes.  
 Man-hater—Ruth Powers.  
 Most artistic—Mary Mazzarelli.  
 Faculty pet—Johanna Eagan.  
 Most obliging—Rowena Graham.  
 Calamity Jane—Ruth Pillsbury.  
 Movie fan—Frances Sullivan.  
 Dreamist—Mabel Perry.  
 Sleepiest—Who's who committee.

Les Inseparables—  
     Esther Ripley  
     Cherria Reynolds.

“Why does a cat cat a mouse's head fir  
 “To save the tail for a toothpick.”

A clever guy  
     Is Henry Fashion—  
 He eats grape fruit  
     With out it splashing

### A DAY AT SCHOOL

Behold the famed Division A  
 A wise and noble class,  
 With tried and trusty members  
 From the first unto the last.

If you will come with me  
 To the halls of Wells and May,  
 We'll see these girls right at their work,  
 And hear what they will say.

Their first class is in music  
 One teaches—others laugh  
 As she points to something on the board  
 And says: “These lines are called the  
     staff.”

In teaching music, do not doubt  
 Each one must have a try.  
 And when someone is called upon  
 You hear an awful sigh.

With glee they skip from 41  
 Up to the history room.  
 Where, if they have not “clinched the  
     point,”  
 They're sure to meet their doom.

When safely out of history class  
 Their troubles are not o'er.  
 Arithmetic is their next trial,  
 The marks go lower and lower.

A test they have in class today,  
 Examples there are plenty.  
 And many answering to their names  
 Reply: “My mark is 20.”

Next we find them in the gym  
 Standing up so straight and tall.  
 When the order comes, “Right dress.”  
 They obey at once—that's all.

Now the class it at attention,  
 Someone gets a dreadful scare  
 When she hears the words resounding,  
 “It's no time to fix your hair.”

Glad they are for dinner hour  
 With it's tempting bread and meat,  
 Which after the morning cares  
 Are, you'll grant me, quite a treat.



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# Framingham State Normal School

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But they hurry out from dinner  
Don their caps and aprons white,  
And proceed to first floor—8,  
To cook is surely their delight.

First they sit and answer questions.  
“Now the next thing.” “Is that clear?”  
Then someone who’s slyly whispering  
Hears: “I’d like the attention here.”

Baking powder biscuits light  
Today we see them make,  
At lighting the gas oven  
They surely “take the cake.”

One bends down with trembling hands,  
Pop!—then a sudden turn.  
Alas! and what is it that we see?  
Singed locks of hair and one cruel burn.

Now the studies of the day  
Are all o’er and glad they are:  
’Tis quite strange, but from their minds  
Thoughts of school are very far.

When the day’s last class is over  
Girls are seen hurrying down the street,  
By twos and threes and fours they go,  
Bent on getting sweets to eat.

## MY FIRST POETICAL ATTEMPT

By an F. N. S—ite.

I sat beside the babbling brook  
Far in calm sequestered nook,  
And watched the fishes in the stream  
’Till I fell asleep and dreamed a dream.  
And on waking quickly from my nap  
Beheld a hop-toad in my lap;  
He looked at me and wrinkled his eye;  
Then took a step and heaved a sigh;  
He felt me move and with a leap  
Did jump upon the bank so steep.  
My first thought was to strike him dead  
And crush his form with sullen tread,  
But on a sober second thought  
I feared that I might get a wart.

It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When the A’s come rolling in;  
But the girl who’s worth-while  
Is the one who can smile  
When the D’s come flocking in.

When Archie doesn’t bawl us out  
And down to D’s our marks ain’t reeling,  
When we get our “place names” learned  
“Ain’t it a grand and glorious feeling!”

Yellow envelopes make cowards of us all.

## MAGAZINES OF F. N. S.

The Green Book—Juniors.  
Snappy Stories—Seniors to be, 1922.  
The Blue Book—Day before Intelligence Tests.  
All Story—Senior girls’ clothing.  
Outlook—Pretty poor.  
Independent—How we’ll feel after graduation.  
Physical Culture—Monday’s and Thursday’s.  
The Country Gentleman—Dr. Meier.  
Judge—Dr. Chalmers.  
Good Dressing—Senior Prom.  
Detective Stories—Any of the faculty hunting up “Period-Skippers,” or  
missing excuses.  
Pictorial Review—The Dial.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF:

Florence Adams didn't have a brother in "Tech."  
 Molly Andrews followed the Blue Laws.  
 Dot Ashton forgot to wear her frat pin.  
 Marie Bixby was arrested for speed.  
 Ruth Bonney wore a hairnet.  
 Frances Bowes stayed here a week-end.  
 Faith Buckingham hurt anybody's feelings.  
 Muriel Buckley "cut" sewing.  
 Fran Burt had on all her own clothes.  
 Doris Butler stopped whispering.  
 Doris Clark couldn't answer a question.  
 Doris Cutler didn't have anything to wear.  
 Louise Daniels wasn't worrying over something.  
 Rosie Day agreed with Miss Lockwood.  
 Marion Dougherty lost "Mickey."  
 Florence Dudley didn't make a hit with the faculty.  
 Leah Dufault bought anything "ready-made."  
 Lucille Gaffney looked immodest.  
 Betty Green didn't have something the matter with her.  
 Katherine Harrington did all the talking.  
 Dot Hein lost her voice.  
 Gert Higgins married an undertaker.  
 Priscilla Hill made a mistake.  
 Margaret Hinchcliffe lost her laugh.  
 Grace Holmes didn't rave about the men.  
 Florence Huntress got excited.  
 Betty Keyes wasn't boss.  
 Polly Kimball spent a quiet vacation.  
 Ruth Kimball eloped.  
 Mickey King ever missed anything.  
 Pete Lane didn't make a break.  
 Mabel Lawton didn't pass compliments around.  
 Orianna Lester came back on time.  
 Dodie Maxfield became a Bolshevik.  
 T. McClellan got a teachers' pension.  
 Anna McGurk's cooking ever reached the garbage can.  
 Marie McPherson didn't have a crush on somebody.  
 Gert Nelson didn't have anything to wear.  
 Anne O'Connor didn't giggle.  
 Marion Oliver didn't have an occasional scrap.  
 Blanche Orr wore her diamond.  
 Doris Parker spoke in husky tones.  
 Miriam Parmenter grew pale.  
 Hazel Palowsky became disinterested in M. I. T.  
 Lil Pearson grew.  
 Peg Pennell didn't give advice.  
 Ted Perry didn't look perfect.  
 Spike Picken lost her appetite.

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# Framingham State Normal School

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Mealie Pratt brought the wrong kind of "mail" up the hill.  
Freda Randall acted foolish.  
Kay Ray caught "naughty language."  
Helen Rice took up ballet dancing.  
Marie Rideout made a noise.  
Guss Rigby got married after all.  
Jo Ryan tamed a cockroach.  
Win Sloane didn't see the funny side.  
Hazel Smith was an old maid.  
Dora Sprague enjoyed a good trolley ride.  
Charlotte Stiles got awful careless and caught cold.  
Alicia Stone deserted Dr. Meier.  
Mabel Sutton had indigestion from eating too fast.  
Ibbie Tarr took to early rising.  
Bertha Thompson lost her "Bill."  
Sil Twombly ran out of jokes and dog talk.  
Glad Walmsley was "as calm as a cucumber."  
Gert Wing wasn't on the same shift with Ted.  
Doris Wood developed a "pussy-foot-tread."  
Peg Wood let her hair grow.  
Chubby Woodman had to have a marcel.  
Harriet Woodward was the last to finish exams.  
Dot Wrigley got anything in on time.

## WHY TEACHERS HAVE "NERVES"

In a country school the children were in the habit of using "putten" for "put." The teacher tried hard to correct them. One day, after a little boy had written a sentence on the blackboard, she asked the children if they could find a mistake in it.

"Yes," answered a pupil.

"Where is it?" asked the teacher.

"Why," he replied, "he went and putten 'putten' where he ought to putten 'put.'"

Cherria (demonstrating the drawing of a covered dish)—Now I put my little knob on.

Miss W.—Did you ever see a herring run?

Bib—When I first saw you I couldn't make you out.

Miss S.—My mother couldn't either.

Miss Sutehiffe (Inspecting our uniforms in class one day)—Get out and take the "marcelle" out of your stocking.

## AFTER THE MAN DANCE

Winnie—Well, he may have been fat, but he was very light on his feet.

Glad—Well, he wasn't very light on my feet!

## HEARD IN COOKING CLASS

Betty (describing her visit to the meat packers)—I saw them making bacon from the cows.



# T H E D I A L

## H. A. WHO'S WHO

Most capable—Helen Rice.  
 Most popular—Marion King.  
 Best looking—Bertha Thompson.  
 Most attractive—Esther Perry.  
 Best all around girl—Leah Dufault.  
 Most athletic—Florence Dudley.  
 Sleepiest—Isabel Tarr.  
 Cutest—Anne O'Connor.  
 Best borrower—Frances Burt.  
 Best lender—Doris Butler.  
 Most artistic—Anna McGurk.  
 Bossiest—Elizabeth Keyes.  
 Most loquacious—Margaret Pennell.  
 Most argumentative—Florence Adams.  
 Faculty pet—Mildred Pratt.  
 Most dispeptic—Ruth Bonney.  
 Prettiest—Dorothy Wrigley.  
 Most independent—Marie Bixby.  
 Most deliberate—Charlotte Stiles.  
 Wittiest—Winifred Sloane.  
 Most Engaging—Doris Wood.  
     "      "      Charlotte Stiles.  
     "      "      Esther Perry.  
 Sweetest—Faith Buckingham.  
 Class jester—Gertrude Higgins.  
 Neatest—Muriel Buckley.  
 Man Hater—Augusta Risby.  
 Happiest—Hazel Woodman.  
 Most optimistic—Gertrude Higgins.  
 Class grind—Elizabeth Greene.  
 Gerty gloom—Mabel Sutton.  
 Best fluffer—Orianna Lester.  
 Least appreciated—Dial Staff.  
 Laziest—Frances Bowes.  
 Most musical—Isabel Tarr.  
 Best dressed—Terese McClellan.  
 Busiest—Doris Clark.  
 Most conscientious—Doris Cutler.  
 Most dignified—Lucille Gaffney.  
 Funniest—Josephine Ryan.

## "B" DIVISION COOK SHIFT

Tune—"I Went to See My Darling."  
 Oh! we went into the kitchen,  
 We didn't know a thing.  
 You ought to have seen the hash fly  
 When it was time for the bell to ring.  
 We asked the girls to eat it  
 And what do you think they said—  
 They said they wouldn't eat it  
 Or to-morrow they'd be dead.

## CHORUS:

Oh! we ain't no kind of cooks  
 We ain't, we ain't, we ain't,  
 We ain't no kind of cooks  
 Indeed we ain't.  
 We ain't no kind of cooks  
 We ain't, we ain't, we ain't.  
 We ain't no kind of cooks  
 Indeed we ain't.

Oh darling, I have sung your charms—  
 The ripple in your tawny hair,  
 I like the muscle in your arms,  
 Your tilted nose that takes the air—  
 Your voice is low, I like your laughter,  
 I revel even in your tears—  
 I search your features, fore and after—  
 But I have never seen your ears.

## APOLOGIES TO M. J. T.

Oh muffins, as we look back on thee  
     Our eyes are filled with tears  
 We'll ne'er forget the bushels we ate  
     Throughout those three long years.  
 And as we look back on our life,  
     With muffins every morn,  
 We wonder if, in three more years  
     Those muffins will be gone.

## THE IVORY KING

"One of the finest sets of teeth I have ever seen, was in the hands of an old sea captain."

(We think the captain must have had a handy dentist.)

Discussing Ham in Food and Diet Class—"How many legs do you have to have for this class?"

TUNNEL ECHOES

(Heard at 12:10)

Hello—Marie,—I didn't know you—  
Did you know, Monday our aprons are due?  
Humph, that's nothing! Look at us  
We have to stay up tonight and fuss  
Over a chem. chart that must be in,  
'Spite of the fact that we're looking thin.  
Yes, I'm coming—wait a minute Jo!  
Ding that double runner! I stubbed my toe!  
Say, but didn't she lay us out?  
Yes, I felt like the end of a wrestling bout.  
Say, Polly, could you ever learn that stitch?  
No, but I've worked 'till my fingers itch!  
There goes my T square on the floor.  
These drawing-boards certainly are some bore!  
Jane, have you learned all those place names yet?  
Simple! I couldn't get them all, on a bet!  
They say yellow slips came out today—  
Haven't seen any—have you—coming my way?  
You know, kiddo, that dance I told you about?  
Well, I'm going to it Friday, without a doubt!  
I guess the crowd has all gone in.  
It's so quiet you can hear the fall of a pin.  
Come on, kids, hurry up, the bell has rung!  
And with that—the noon song of the tunnel is sung.

CLASS DISMISSED

Our handwork class now draws to an end  
So the class assumes a Crocker-ward trend.  
We pick up our things, but on the floor,  
Are pieces of paper and then some more.  
Paints are cluttered everywhere,  
And varnish is mixed up with our hair.  
"Reed" is also upon the floor,  
Clay is plastered about the door.  
Our hands are all stuck up by paste,  
My word! I never saw such waste!  
We try the door, but it does not move.  
Foul play is a-foot; we do not approve.  
But here is Mr. Ried at the door—  
"When the desks are clean and the room picked up,  
You may leave this place, but not before."

Mr. Archibald—Let's have some entertainment now—suppose five or six of the Seniors come up here on the platform and sing a solo!

Miss Armstrong (education class)—My notes aren't quite ready for inspection. I wrote them on my knee, you know.

## REGULAR SENIOR PROPHECY

Airplanes were cheap in 1951 and so I purchased one for every day use. In the summer of that year I decided to tour the United States.

When I had gone a few hundred miles I landed in a country district near a little red school house. Suddenly from the door burst forth children followed by their teacher. I recognized Arline Holman. After our exchange of greeting, she told me she had gone back to teaching after the death of her third husband.

As I passed over a city, I saw a crowd gathered about a woman who was eloquently telling what kind of a governor she would be. I came near enough to hear these words: "Now in my own city, Malden, we do this——" I needed no one to tell me that the candidate was Cherria Reynolds. I also noticed an excited person leading the cheers, and recognized Esther Ripley. "They are still sticking together," I thought. My reflections were soon disturbed by a desperate "Honk!" I dodged to the right and discovered that it was one of those recklessly driven excursion planes. On the front seat were perched Marion Watts, Marie Roberts, Mary Reid and Mary Mazzai. On the back were Ivalien Clark and Mildred Simpson. We exchanged hellos and soon they were gone.

That evening I reached Albany. I decided to go to the theatre under the management of Florence Banks and Hilma Hendrickson. From the program I found the play was "The Unfortunate Heiress," featuring Francis Sullivan who certainly did justice to her role.

I started early for Niagara. I met a minister who introduced me to his meek little wife—Gladys Blood. She told me she had given up teaching, but hated to leave behind Mae Bentley, Gertrude Coffey and Margaret Thompson. They received a visit from Dot Winchenbach and Louise Sullivan who gave Intelligence tests to the pupils.

I soon bade glad adieu and started for Cleveland, where I had a collision with a speed plane run by Esther Yoken. She had purchased her plane from "Cogger and Currie Co." Helen furnishes the brains and Grace the speed. Before starting I bought a paper and the headlines startled me—"The Proper Method of Washing Glassware," by Kathryn Sullivan.

Next I passed a department store. A decorator was fixing the window. I glanced up to see Vera Allen. I stopped in and saw her partners who were Eleanor Dodge and Margaret Hosman.

Just across the Mississippi, I flew over an estate. The entrance was marked Mitchell Manor. I inquired and learned that this was the home of Grace Mitchell. My informant stated that Grace allowed only red haired people on the grounds.

I stopped in Pasadena and took a taxi which was driven by Mabel Perry. She told me that Eleanor Tyler had taken up business with her and they liked it.

Crossing a cattle ranch I espied Glad Umlah rounding up steers. Gertrude Sunner does the indoor work. They like to be near each other so they can continue to swap wardrobes.

My next stop was in St. Louis. I came to a beauty parlor and the names over the door were Sullivan and Gibson. They told me that Ruth Pillsbury was in town giving lectures on "Controlling Tears," and that Rose Standish and Mary Kelly had a home for aged school marms.

I was crossing Alabama and I saw a negro school. The teacher proved to be Elizabeth Dodge. She was reading a letter to them about China. The letter was from Ruth Powers, a foreign missionary.



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# Framingham State Normal School

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My next stop was at a plantation. Erma Ried was giving a party to Betsy Barker who was travelling through the south in search of an inspiration for a new play which she was writing. I joined the party which was a reunion, for Gertrude Swartz and Blanche Merchant were also there.

A I passed the mountains of Virginia I saw Gladys Mann explaining a problem in stocks and bonds. She knew that the children would never use these problems but her superintendent wanted them taught so what could she do?

I arrived at Washington in the evening and decided to go to the opera. Evelyn Irvine and Winnie Howes entertained me. Winnie is a composer now.

As I passed a Senator's house, I heard the weird music of a ukalele and found Lucretia Collins playing and singing, "Every Young Girl Has a Platform, for Which She is Willing to Stand." She is a leader in the Senate.

In the business section, I found a millinery establishment run by Mademoiselles Meader and McNamara.

Next I went to Trenton, and found Beulah Lane and Rowena Graham running a select boarding school. No studies are taught here, simply the way to act sweetly and charmingly. I next entered a correspondence bureau out of curiosity. The purpose of it is to furnish love letters with jokes, rhymes, and sentiment, to shy young lovers, who feel unable to write their "Beloved Ones" in such a language as will win their suit. The people who furnish these letters are Esther Richardson and Florence Schweppe.

I arrived in New York city in time to hear a greatly advertised debate on "Should You Turn the Page When You Have Read the Last Word?" The opponents were Ella Weston and Hazel Wolf. Mary Mazzarelli, Ruth Fanning and Maude Pearl were the judges.

When I came back home I found a letter Mary Foley had written me. She is in Labrador getting specimens of butterflies for an F. N. S. collection. At last I was home, where I settled myself down to finish my book on psychology, thoroughly satisfied with my trip.

## HAIR NETS

Speaking of Hair Nets, Freda Randall told us t'other day she could wear a hair net for two weeks under ordinary conditions. What we want to know, Freda, is them unordinary conditions.

## WHICH WERE YOU?

Mr. Howe (discussing ventilation and heating in sanitation lecture)—There are sixty-odd radiators in this room now.

Voice from class—Some are hot air and some are not.

Peg Pennell at Fitt's Market—Will you show me the biggest prune you've got?

## TACT

Dr. Meier to janitor—Mr.—er—how is it you pronounce your name?

Janitor—White.

Regular Senior (reporting on her substituting experience)—The children were just wonderful. I don't know what I would have done without them.

### ODE TO THE GARBAGE CAN

Heed, heed, Mr. Howe does say,  
 Our garbage pail must not be led astray.  
 'Tis only a wise housewife whose garbage  
     can  
 Is left entirely spick and span.  
 Not ever a crumb for the cat or dog,  
 Nor enough to prolong the life of a frog.

Everything can be used you know,  
 Even the stem of a tomato,  
 Potato peels may now be used  
 To flavor certain palatable stews.  
 A woman that I now know  
 Is a perfect wonder; it's really so—  
 She makes a cauliflower look sick  
 Not even enough for the birds to pick;  
 She serves it stewed, she serves it fried,  
 She has it creamed, sautéd, and dried.  
 Her husband's a badly treated man—  
 He must take the place of her garbage can.

Banana peels are very fine,  
 They make a corking good shoe shine.  
 Save your egg shells—twenty-three  
 Will make a string for the X'mas tree.  
 When short of buttered crumbs you run—  
 Use coffee grounds in a small sum,  
 Sprinkle well over the top of the dish—  
 Especially good with escalloped fish.  
 If for any more advice you wish,  
 Mr. Howe will gladly suggest a dish.

### IN PENMANSHIP

Mr. Doner—May I help anyone in writing.  
 Student—Please show me how to make "i's."

Mr. Lyman—Why don't they use the water for manufacturing in the lower  
 Mississippi?

Betsy—Because they can't dam it.

### WHO OR WHAT?

Junior (1st week of school—seeking information)—And who is that May  
 Hali I've heard so much about?

Miss G. (giving history assignment after poor recitation)—You may take  
 some more. (Somoa.)

### INDOOR SPORTS AT CROCKER

1. Counting calories.
2. Killing cockroaches.
3. Ratting hair.
4. Analyzing your best friends.
5. Washing dishes—for the Duchess.
6. Free and riotous use of parsley.  
     NOTE: See Miss Picken.
7. Scrubbing bath tubs.
8. Borrowing clothes.
9. Playing matron for Gus' telephone  
     calls,
10. Making coffee with hot water and  
     an egg shell.

### IN CHAPEL

What do we have first?  
 I haven't done a thing!  
 "Imaging" in psychology?  
 Why does that bell have to ring?  
 What else do we have?  
 Oh! History of Ed.  
 I might as well have stayed in bed.  
 Geography to-day?  
 And we have a quizz? Tell me quick—  
 What made Great Britain what she is?  
 In music you say  
 We have to teach a new song?  
 Oh what shall I do?  
 I know it'll be all wrong.  
 We have nothing in Assembly,  
 Thank goodness for that.  
 If I live through this day  
 I'll take off my hat.

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# Framingham State Normal School

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## THE TWENTY-THIRD SLAM

F. N. S. is my school, I shall not want another  
It maketh me to rise at 6.30, I shivereth with the cold.  
It flavoreth all food with almond; it purchaseth billions of peaches for our  
alimentary canals.  
Yea, though I work every minute of the day, I shall fear no A's for thou, oh faculty,  
art with me, thine assignments petrify me.  
Thou criticizeth my coiffure in the presence of many, for I am to be a teacher  
and I look not henny enough for the profession.  
Surely muffins and liver shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell  
in F. N. S. forever.

## II.

Miss — is my teacher, I shall not want another.  
She maketh me to construct awful chemises; she reproveth me constantly.  
She liketh not my stitching. She leadeth me into her room for conferences for  
my marks sake.  
Yea, though I stitch 'till I am cock-eyed, I shall never succeed for thou, Miss —  
art near me, thy voice and expression, they overcome me.  
Thou preparest a sermon for me in the presence of my dear class mates, thou  
causest me to rip my French seams for my stitching runneth over.  
Surely thy presence will haunt me all the days of my life and I shall stitch  
French seams forever. Amen.

## A CATASTROPHE

Miss A.—It is a terrible thing to have a place for everything because when  
things get out of place there is no place to look for them.

Minister—My mission is to save men.

School Teacher—Then save one for me.

Miss H.—What would you do if you found a child with defective eye sight?

Pupil—Take him to the optimist.

Mr. Archibald (leading singing)—What are you going to do if the girls  
won't look at you?

Fran (after a "gym" lesson on physiology)—I never knew anything about  
philosophy!

## TRIALS OF A PUPIL TEACHER

Child—I aint got no paper.

Pupil Teacher (correcting)—I havn't any paper.

Child—Yes you have too.

## TABLE MANNERS

Four slender legs the table has;  
I've two, on each a stocking.  
The table boldly bares it's legs;  
Aren't table manners shocking?

She got D in "Bugs"  
Flunked in "Chem."  
They heard her softly hiss—  
"I'd like to find the fellow  
Who said 'Ignorance is bliss.'"



CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO ROOMMATES

1st Roommate (indignantly spying unusual size of pug on her roommates hair)—Of all the nerve—you've got my pug on!

2nd Roommate—No, I haven't either.

1st Roommate—You have too—guess I can tell my own hair!

2nd Roommate—I have not!

1st Roommate (light dawning)—Oh! no, I beg your pardon—I left mine at home.

Clerk showing linen to Miss Lockwood (purchasing for an institution)—Yes, Madam—you may rest assured, anything with the name of Lockwood on it is an inferior article.

Miss L.—What is the first thing you'd do if you heard the firebell?

Mickey—Wake up the captain!

Miss L. (Examining bananas)—These ought to be cut up at once. Remove the decayed portions and use them for a pudding as soon as possible.

T.—I don't care for any of the glandular organs.

Mr. Howe—Not even the heart, Miss McC—?

Miss Sewall (Discussion of humor)—If there's anyone in this class who has never seen anything funny to laugh at, just come and see me.

A little invention is good for a lot of excuses.

EXPRESSIONS WE WILL NEVER FORGET

"Is that clear?"

"I might bark but I never have killed anyone yet."

"Clinch the point."

"Within the child's experience—"

"Work from the known to the unknown."

"Now girls, don't forget to put the ink wells back and push the chairs in."

"By no manner of means."

"It is evident—"

"This particular—"

(Senior looking for a room for her man at the Prom).—Have you seen any rooms floating around with a sign on "for men?"

MEOW !!!

I once had a little canary,  
With song, full to the brim,  
One day I found naught but the feathers—  
Some cat got him !!

I once had a little white mouse,  
To play with, when gloomy or grim,  
He is eaten,—all but his tail—  
Some cat got him !.

I once had the grandest man  
Had a bus, an' his name was Jim  
And money to spend—Oh Boy! But—  
Some cat got him !.

**A HEALTHFUL HINT**

Miss D—y—May hydrogen peroxide be used for a tooth lotion?

Mr. W.—Well, I should'n't advise using hydrogen peroxide on teeth that had been purchased at the five and ten cent store.

**SENIORS**

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Sitter—I don't like these photos at all! I look like an ape!"

Photographer—You should have thought of that before you had them taken.

**THE CLASSES' BIRTHSTONES**

Junior—Green-stone.

Middle Junior—Grind-stone.

Senior—Tomb-stone.

Extract from Junior's note-book—"I lighted a piece of wood, watched it burn, then placed the remains on the desk,"

(Funeral arrangements are in order.)

**INVENTORY IN PHYSIOLOGY**

"How many have not yet passed in their liver?"

"I have your circulatory system, but not your heart. Have you it with you?"

Dr. Meier—What is a streptococcus?

Miss L—ne (stumbling to her feet)—Well, it isn't exactly, er, a,—.

Dr. Meier—Just a minute, Miss L—ne, have you a Corn?

**SELECTED RECIPES BY H. A. SENIORS**

**EGG PLANT À LA PARISIENNE**

Take one egg—preferably fresh—plant it in soil six inches deep. Keep well watered. When it has become full grown, send it to Paris where they will cook and cream it. Serve hot.

**SPAGHETTI À L' ITALIENNE**

Mix flour and water to a stiff dough. Roll in thin strips. Make a hole in them and hang to dry. Ship to Italy where the Italians cook it surrounded with cucumber relish.

**CONSOMME**

Open a 1 qt. can of water. Put in a kettle with 2 qts. of boiling water. Let boil occasionally for two hours. Add 1½ qt. of boiling water. Strain, reheat and serve hot.

**EXAMINATION GIVEN IN PRACTICE SCHOOL COOKING CLASS**

1. Give four things you would do in preparing for work.

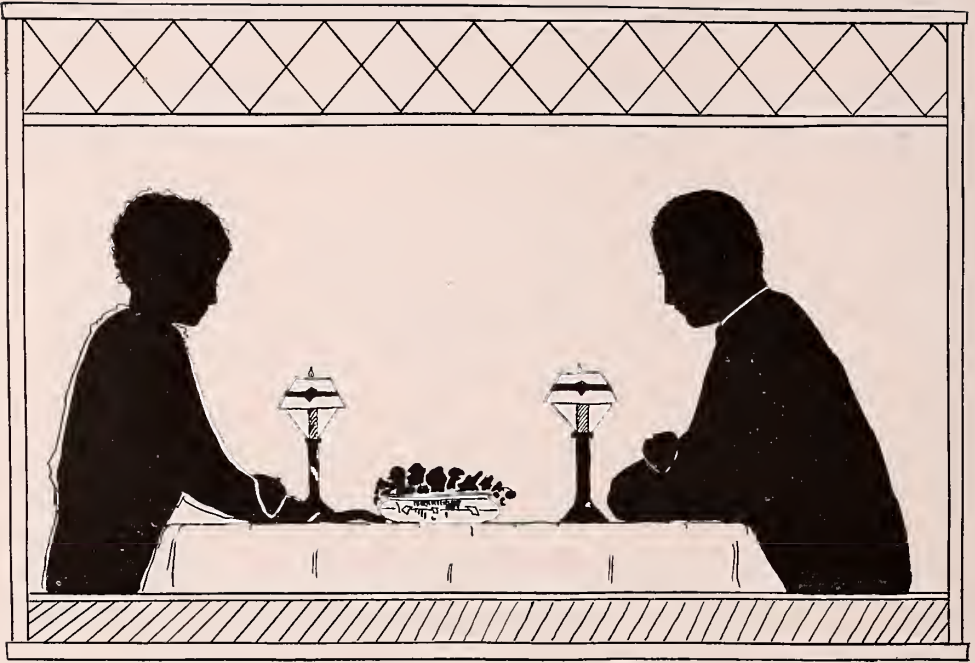
Discard the jewels, wristwatches, and bracelets. Then, I would look to stove. Be sure that hands are clean and that your heir is bruised. To put on a cap and apron. Hunt for receipt.

2. What is the order of dishwashing?

Silver, glass, crockeryware, eathenware, souvenir dishes, all wooden and tin plates.

3. Give general directions for cooking vegetables.

Pick all vegetables to be alike. If they are young and fresh, scrape them. If they are scented, leave cover on. Wash first and after and put vegetables down to boil.



# ENGAGED



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M E M O R A N D A

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### AFTERWORD

The time has come for parting—  
Our happy school days done,  
Yet our thoughts grow sweeter  
Of the class of Twenty-One.

So let's be bright and merry  
Like song birds in the Spring  
As parting, ever cheery,  
A fond adieu we sing.

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